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LORD JOHN RUSSELL M.P. FOR THE CITY OF LONDON.—(FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MESSRS. DICKINSON.)

LORD JOHN RUSSELL.

On Saturday, the 28th ult., as most of our readers no doubt learned with satisfaction, the citizens of London once more elected the author of the Reform Bill as their representative in the House of Commons. The whole circumstances connected with this election, the high reputation of the noble candidate, and the attempt to exclude so distinguished a parliamentary personage from the contest on the most unwelcome of pretexts, naturally excited the popular enthusiasm in his favour; and, considering the high spirit he has displayed on more than one memorable occasion, we feel no surprise that such an event as his return, in present circumstances, should be gratifying, not only to those constitutional Whigs who regard him as their "philosopher and guide," but to thousands who never professed any favour for his political views or sympathy with his political sentiments.

It is now well nigh forty-five years since Lord John Russell, at the age of twenty-one, took his place on the Opposition benches of the House of Commons as member for Tavistock, a borough under the patronage of his father, the sixth Duke of Bedford. Aspiring to the character of a man of letters, Lord John, soon after his admission to Parliament, published a life of his ancestor, the celebrated Lord Russell; a tragedy known as "Don Carlos," a novel, the title of which has long been forgotten; a series of "Sketches by a Gentleman who has left his Lodgings;" and an "Essay on the British Constitution." As a literary man, he was petted by Holland House, applauded by Mackintosh, and favourably noticed in the "Edinburgh Review." Nevertheless, it was as a statesman, and not as an author, that this intellectual scion of the house of Bedford was to enrol his name in the annals of England.

After entering Parliament, it appears that Lord John was guilty of no unnecessary delay in associating his name with Liberal doctrines, for we find that in 1817 he availed himself of Lord Castlereagh's suspension of the Habeas Corpus Act to denounce the system pursued by "the Cabinet of Mediocrities," over which Lord Liverpool presided. Yet he did not appear the kind of man likely to acquire power in the strife of politics and the battle of debate. His stature was below the ordinary height; his body was frail and weakly; his countenance sickly with ill-health and solitary thought; his voice weak; and his way of speaking mincing and affected. However, he was animated by strong resolutions and an intrepid spirit, and it required both when he commenced his efforts in favour of Parliamentary Reform.

We believe it was in 1819, that, with this great object in view, Lord John first submitted his resolutions to the House of Commons; and though unsuccessful on that occasion, he, two years later, won reputation by his successful effort to accomplish the disfranchisement of Grampound. In 1822 he introduced another measure of reform, and attempted to disarm the hostility of the owners of rotten boroughs by holding out to them the prospect of compensation. In 1826, having diligently devoted the three intervening years to public business, he again brought forward the question of Parliamentary Reform, and was this time successful in carrying the second reading of a bill for transferring the electoral privilege from petty boroughs to populous manufacturing towns. Having discontinued his efforts during the existence of the Canning Administration, which included among its members the Marquis of Lansdowne and other Whigs, Lord John, who now represented Bandon Bridge, carried in 1828 a measure for the repeal of the Test Acts; and returning to the charge in 1830, moved for leave to bring in a bill to confer on Leeds, Manchester, and Birmingham, the privilege of returning members to Parliament. He was defeated in this very reasonable object; but a great change was at hand. The elevation of a man of genius to the premiership in the person of Mr. Canning, long kept down as a political adventurer, had shaken parties to their centre; his sudden death left them in a state of disorganisation; and the uncompromising hostility of the Duke of Wellington and Sir R. Peel to all reform, drove many statesmen of spirit and intelligence into the Opposition ranks, presided over by Earl Grey. The aspect of affairs soon became too menacing to be disregarded; and at length, in November, 1830, the Duke and his political ally, leaving everybody in dismay and everything in confusion, beat a precipitate retreat from the position which they had occupied with so much confidence and so little prudence. The great Earl Grey, who was not a man to be daunted by difficulty, undertook the formation of a Ministry. Lord Brougham took his seat on the woolsack; Lord Althorp became Chancellor of the Exchequer and Leader of the House of Commons; and Lord John, although not admitted to the Cabinet, was appointed Paymaster of the Forces. The policy of the Whig Ministers was summed up in three words—"Peace, Retrenchment, and Reform;" and they proceeded with vigour to execute their mission.

Political affairs being in this position, Lord John, in March, 1831, submitted to the House of Commons an outline of the ministerial scheme of Parliamentary Reform, and was successful in securing the second reading of the bill. At this stage, however, General Gascoyne carried a motion, to the effect that the number of members of the House should not be increased, and ministers declining to accept the decision, appealed to the country. When the new Parliament met in June, Lord John, who had been returned as member for Devon, again submitted his measure; which this time, in spite of much opposition, had the fortune to pass through the Lower House. The Lords, however, rejected the bill, which ministers thereupon undertook to revise and improve; and when Parliament re-assembled, it passed the Commons without a division. The Peers, nevertheless, were unconvinced of its necessity; and Earl Grey having been defeated on Lord Lyndhurst's motion for postponing the disfranchising clauses, lost all patience, and resigned with his colleagues. A storm now arose out of doors; and public indignation was so highly excited, that the Duke of Wellington advised the recall of his political antagonists, and persuaded the Peers to allow the Reform Bill to become law. Our space would fail us to narrate the further achievements of the Grey Ministry; how Slavery was abolished in the British Colonies; how the Church Temporalities Bill of Ireland was carried; and how the English Poor Laws were amended. Suffice it to say, that in 1834, Lord Stanley refusing to concur in the policy of his colleagues as to the Irish Church, withdrew from the cabinet; and that Lords Grey and Althorp, differing on the Coercion Bill, resigned their offices. Lord Melbourne having for a brief period administered the affairs of the country, Sir R. Peel was in December installed as Premier. The result is well known. He dissolved Parliament; he found the country adverse to his pretensions; he sustained a defeat on "the Appropriation Clause;" and he withdrew from office.

A new scene was now opened up; and Lord Melbourne becoming a second time First Lord of the Treasury in April, 1835, Lord John was entrusted with the leadership of the House of Commons, and nominated Secretary of State for Home Affairs. He was at this period ousted from the representation of Devon; but having been returned by the electors of Stroud, he lost no time in carrying through Parliament a measure of Municipal Reform. Lord John, in 1839, exchanged the seals of the Home for those of the Colonial Department, and held the latter office till 1841, when a general election placed Sir R. Peel and his friends in power. For the next few years, Lord John, who was now member for the city of London, led the Whig party with a moderation and dignity worthy of his character and career. The odds against him were numerically overwhelming; and the persuasive address of Peel, the vehement eloquence of Stanley, and the conversational oratory of Graham, bore down all opposition. But Lord John bided his time; and in the autumn of 1845, when the doctrines of the "Manchester School" had been impressed on popular conviction, and the Conservative Cabinet was in convulsions, he penned his celebrated "Edinburgh Letter," avowing his conversion to a total repeal of the Corn Laws; and attempted to form an administration. The hostile ambitions, and personal antipathies of his political coadjutors rendered the effort abortive, and Lord John was beaten. In a letter to the Queen he enumerated all the difficulties which would have beset him, and he retired with the excuse, that as Lord Grey declined to act in a cabinet with Lord Palmerston, he should not have the united support of his own party. The consequence of all this was, that when Sir Robert Peel went to take farewell of the Queen, she met him with the welcome exclamation—"So far from taking leave of you, Sir Robert, I must require you to withdraw your resignation, and to remain in my service." The exaltation of Sir Robert appears in a note he addressed to the Princess Lieven—"I feel like a man restored to life after his funeral service had been preached."

The face of matters soon changed, however, and when the Corn-law question was settled, and the parliamentary tact of Mr. Disraeli placed Sir R. Peel in a humiliating minority, the chosen leader of the Whigs accepted the post of Premier, and constructed a Cabinet. Lord John's Ministry was weak from the beginning, and he employed no means to add to its stability. It was in vain that he was urged to bring forward liberal measures. His conduct only reminded people of a saying of Mr. Disraeli, when he was "sowing his wild oats." While contesting Wycombe, on principles which were intended to be popular, and uttering high-flown sentences which nobody could understand, a hand-bill appeared, warning the electors to beware of a Conservative in disguise. "A Conservative in disguise!" exclaimed the author of "Vivian Grey," turning to his opponent, who was a Whig aristocrat, "I will tell you who is a Conservative in disguise,—it is a Whig in place." Lord John and his colleagues, when installed in Downing Street, seemed bent on making good this assertion; and when the sugar question had been settled, and the Navigation Laws repealed, the advanced Liberals began loudly to express their discontent. Thus it happened that in 1851, when Lord John's "Durham Letter" had raised insuperable difficulties in the way of satisfactorily dealing with the Papal aggression, he found himself placed in a minority by his own party. He consented to retain power, when it became evident that no other statesman was ready or willing to incur the responsibilities of the crisis; and when Parliament met in 1852, he made an effort to retrieve his popularity by the introduction of a new Reform Bill. But ere this measure could be discussed, Lord Palmerston, whom he had previously expelled from the Cabinet, overthrew the Ministry on a clause in the Militia Bill; and the reins of power were, at Lord John's suggestion, placed by her Majesty in the hands of the Earl of Derby.

When ten months had passed over, and the Coalition Ministry was formed, under the auspices of the Earl of Aberdeen, Lord John gave an unequivocal proof of his entire disinterestedness, by consenting to serve under an ancient foe, as leader of the House of Commons and Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs. Ere long, he resigned the latter post to Lord Clarendon; and after an interval, during which he led the House of Commons and sat in the Cabinet without office, he became President of the Council. While in that position, Lord John, in the session of 1854, submitted to Parliament his Reform Bill that had been shelved two years before; but he withdrew the ill-fated measure with tears in his eyes, on finding that it was hopeless to prosecute any such purely domestic scheme while public attention was monopolised by a foreign war. From that date, Lord John found his position gradually growing more unpleasant; and in 1855, as soon as the "conduct of the war" was converted into the great question of the day, and the Coalition Ministers were threatened by Mr. Roebuck with an inquiry into the condition of our army before Sebastopol, Lord John hastened to escape from a cabinet the conduct of whose members he could not conscientiously defend. He was subsequently entrusted by Lord Palmerston with the seals of the Colonial Office, and sent as Plenipotentiary to the Vienna Conference; but the part he took in the negotiations for peace with Russia proved distasteful to the country, and Sir Bulwer Lytton gave notice of a motion condemnatory of his proceedings. Lord John, anticipating the sentence of the House, once more resigned office; and the assembled Commons witnessed the strange spectacle of a great statesman, who for well-nigh forty years had stood in front of the parliamentary battle as the foremost champion of "civil and religious freedom," banished to the obscurity of the back benches.

Notwithstanding this mortifying reverse—the more mortifying that it was unexpected—the admirers of Lord John did not despair. Indeed they saw a probability that he would, at the next change of the political wind, be recognised as the bravest champion of Liberalism, and applauded as the rightful heir of the policy of Fox and Grey—the true representative of those principles, whatever their worth, for which Hampden died on the field and Russell and Sydney laid down their lives on the scaffold. It would seem, however, that some of the traders of London not only took a different view of the matter, but even arrived at a resolution that he—whom they had formerly courted and flattered with so much servility—was no longer worthy of representing the City in Parliament. The result, we are glad to say, proved that these mercantile magnates knew little of the constituency for which they somewhat rashly took upon themselves to decide. Indeed there was, throughout the metropolis, a general feeling of indignation at the treatment which Lord John had experienced; and when the time arrived, many who had never before voted for one of Whig politics, rushed with enthusiasm to the polling booths that they might contribute to his triumph, and to show their respect, as Englishmen, for the principle of fair play.

Foreign Intelligence.

FRANCE.

A GREAT many political arrests have just been made at Lyons of persons alleged to be members of a secret society, formed for the purpose of promoting the candidature of the exile Raspail, at the general election. Among the persons arrested in Paris last week, as members of a secret society, were MM. Morin and Ancaque, writers in the "Revue de Paris."

General Todleben is expected at the Russian embassy to await the arrival of the Grand Duke Constantine.

Count de Paar, the Austrian Minister, who was lately recalled from

Turin, is expected to arrive at Paris shortly, in order to set on foot negotiations in the Sardinian difficulty.

BELGIUM.

THE commercial protectionists of Belgium have adopted a comical way of expressing their detestation of England and free trade, in a procession, which passed through the streets of Tournay, at the Mid-Lent festival, last week. The English nation was personified by a huge big-bellied figure, with vast open jaws, devouring all sorts of food in most unconscionable quantities, whilst a number of other figures, representing the other nations of the world, stood by, starving. The car of *Perfidie Albion* was drawn through the town, with much vulgar and vociferous derision, conveying Lord Mangefort, as the representative of our country was nick-named, who was made, every quarter of an hour, to stop and swallow a heap of victuals. After exhibiting this spectacle in front of the houses of several leading advocates of free trade, the mob proceeded to the river Escaut, and, with cries of "*A Peau les Anglais!*" they precipitated their awkward plaything into the water. The eatables, however, which Lord Mangefort had failed to digest, were put by till next day, when they were distributed amongst the workpeople of a flax-mill, the owners of which establishment are said to have paid the expenses of the exhibition. The "*Indépendance Belge*" adds that they sang a song commencing "*Guerre aux Anglais!*" and, together with the workmen of three other factories, paraded the streets, at eight o'clock in the evening, to the music of the marrowbones and cleaver, with loud threats against the English. Gin and beer were freely dispensed amongst them by some persons who ought to have known better. The "*Indépendance*" expresses much regret at these uncivil and uncourteous doings.

SPAIN.

THE elections in Spain are generally favourable to the Government. The Government is preparing a plan for the re-organisation of the Senate. There will be two classes of senators—senators for life and hereditary senators. The first will be appointed by the Queen; the second will be composed of archbishops, field marshals, and grandees of Spain, possessing an income of from 15,000 to 20,000 piastres. Senators of this class will transmit their rank to their eldest sons in perpetual succession. There is a great probability that "majorats" will be re-established in favour of hereditary senators.

It is reported that at the opening of the Cortes Marshal O'Donnell is firmly resolved to wage a great political battle with Narvaez, and that he purposes to prove, by documentary evidence, that the latter was a party to the revolution of 1854.

AUSTRIA.

PREPARATIONS are being made at Court for the Royal journey to Hungary. The Empress will appear in the rich Hungarian costume. At

Debrezin 1,000 Haiduques on horseback will form a cortège to their Majesties. In the other towns, a number of gentlemen will place themselves at their Majesties' disposal.

The departure of the Sardinian Ambassador from Vienna has not yet been officially announced; nevertheless, it is generally believed to have taken place.

PRUSSIA AND SWITZERLAND.

THE principal point of discussion in the Neuchâtel affair now seems to be a demand made by the King of Prussia for a sum of 2,000,000 francs arrears of the revenue of his domains in the canton since 1815. The proceedings of the conference proceed very tardily. It is to be hoped that they will end satisfactorily.

RUSSIA.

THE friends of peace in Russia, according to a letter from Berlin, express great satisfaction at the conclusion of the Treaty between England and Persia. At the moment when the Emperor received the intelligence, Prince Gortschakoff happened to be with him, and received the news from the Emperor's mouth. The Prince repaired immediately to our Minister, and, after congratulating him, invited him to a grand entertainment to be given in honour of the occasion. The entertainment accordingly took place in the Hotel of Foreign Affairs on a very splendid scale, and was attended by nearly every embassy, with their entire *personnel*. The "*Invalide*," "*Northern Bee*," and the "*Journal of the Academy*," express their satisfaction also at the peace, though the former seems dissatisfied that England should obtain any advantages by it.

ITALY.

THE outbreak which occurred in the Castle of Palliano seems to have been provoked by the harshness of the Governor, a functionary only recently appointed to the office. The affair has caused great excitement. The Roman Government has appointed a commission to inquire into the particulars, and to submit the conduct of the governor to a severe scrutiny. The Castle of Palliano was formerly one of the feudal strongholds of the Colonna family, and is situated in the district of Tivoli, twenty-five or thirty miles from Rome. It at present serves as a State prison, and contains about 600 political offenders.

The garrisons of Verona, Mantua, and Milan have been augmented. It is said that the intervention of the British and French Governments for the arrangement of the existing differences between the Austrian and Sardinian Governments has been favourably received, and it is hoped that diplomatic relations will be restored sooner than expected.

TURKEY AND THE EAST.

M. DE BOUTENIEFF, the Russian Ambassador at Constantinople, has demanded the appointment of a commission to inquire into Mehmed Bey's expedition to Circassia. The Turkish Government will set on foot the desired investigation. Mehmed Bey's adjutant has been arrested, examined, and set at liberty after two days' imprisonment. Baron Ssen, now Ferhad Pacha, and Ismail Pacha, have been also arrested and interrogated.

The Grand Vizier had made a communication to the various Legations, to the effect that he would expel, and confiscate the property of, all Mussulman subjects who should refuse the payment of military subsidies under pretence of being under foreign protection.

The Russians are concentrating considerable forces in Ekaterinodar and Anapa.

Mehemet Bey is taking energetic measures to repel an attack by the Russians, which is thought imminent.

On the 25th of March, not an Austrian soldier remained in Moldavia.

AMERICA.

LORD NAPIER, our representative at Washington, presented his credentials to the President on the 16th ult. In reply to his Lordship's address, Mr. Buchanan said:—"The earnest and gracious desire expressed by her Majesty to preserve and advance upon all occasions the interest and happiness of England and America, and the hearty good wishes which her Majesty cherishes for the prosperity of the United States, are cordially reciprocated on my part, and will elicit an enthusiastic response from the hearts of the American people. No independent Powers have ever been bound together by material interests of such magnitude as those which unite Great Britain and the United States. Indeed, the prosperity of the one is necessarily involved in that of the other; but mutual interests, however vast, without mutual regard, are not always sufficient to preserve friendship between nations. During my administration it shall be my agreeable duty, as well as my earnest desire, to increase the friendship and mutual goodwill now so happily subsisting between the two countries, and to render these sentiments strong and enduring."

It is understood that Mr. Buchanan is favourable to the reinstatement of Mr. Barclay, late British Consul at New York.

The United States Senate has made some amendments to the treaty negotiated by Lord Clarendon and Mr. Dallas, and after discussing it for several days in secret session it was ratified as amended on the 14th ult. The amendments, which of course must now be submitted to the British Government, are confined to the non-recognition of certain grants of land made by the British Consul in the name of the Mosquito King; to a more precise delineation of the boundaries of certain lands reserved for the Mosquito Indians; and to striking out the qualifications attached to the cession of the Bay Islands to Honduras. The great principles of the treaty—namely, the renunciation by Great Britain of all claim to territorial sovereignty in Central America, with the exception of the Belize; the acknowledgment of the right of the Republic of Honduras to the possession of the Bay Islands, and the protectorate of the Mosquito Indians, are in no way disturbed by the proposed amendments.

A dreadful railroad accident occurred on the 13th ult., on the Pennsylvania Railroad, at Altoona station. An emigrant train standing on the track was run into by a heavy freight train, crowding the rear car into the one before it, and causing the instant death of six of the passengers, and mauling ten or twelve others.

Walker has repossessed himself of Sarapiquí. On the 13th ult. Walker's party attacked that place with a force of 200 men and two mule-packs, the Costa Ricans holding out till the following day, when they evacuated, and Walker's people took possession, after sustaining a loss of two men killed and three wounded. From a statement of a prisoner in hospital, it appears that the Costa Ricans had a loss of eleven killed and twenty wounded. Castille is also reported to have fallen into Walker's hands, with a loss of eight killed and twenty wounded on his side, and thirty-two killed and sixty wounded on the part of the Costa Ricans.

THE IMPERIAL ARMY OF FRANCE.—The Paris "*Moniteur*" publishes a report to the Emperor from the Chancellor of the Legion of Honour, giving an account of the disposal of 400,000 francs entrusted to him for distribution among the old soldiers who served between the years 1792 and 1815. More than 60,000 old soldiers had petitioned for relief. A selection was made, and the 400,000 francs were divided among 4,207 chosen from the most aged, the most needy, and the most deserving of the applicants. It appears from the report that there still exist in France and in Algeria 67,769 soldiers of the old Imperial army, of whom more than 40,000 require assistance from the Government.

THE FRENCH EMPEROR REBUKED FROM THE PULPIT.—Father Ventura preaches in the chapel of the Tuilleries. In his sermon on Sunday week, it is said, he addressed himself directly to the Emperor, and declared that even if his own life was morbid and edifying, it was not sufficient, if he did not stigmatise and drive from his presence all who might scandalise the public by their vices, their corruption, or their profligacy. He said the Emperor was in error if he thought his private acts were confined to the walls of his palace. They were not; he said men like him, lived in a house of glass, and no secrets were safe from the prying eyes and the unfaithfulness of courtiers. He told him that he was looked up to as a superior being, with powers for good or for evil superior to all others, and that consequently more was expected from him. He denounced those who might sell the favour or protection of the Court for gold, and who had grown rich in iniquity.

CORRUPTION IN TURKEY.—A curious instance of how things are managed in Turkey has just occurred. To relieve the sufferings of the inhabitants of the island of Rhodes, victims of an earthquake and of the terrible explosion of a large quantity of gunpowder, the Sultan sent them a present of 400,000 piastres. In passing from hand to hand this sum was so reduced that only 18,000 piastres reached the island, and the sum was handed over to the Primates to buy their silence, so that the sufferers for whom the money was intended got nothing at all. The story seems incredible, but is nevertheless quite true.

DEFEAT OF THE PERSIAN ARMY.

THE British forces, after the capture and occupation of Bushire, were encamped, with the exception of a garrison in the place itself, on the plain outside the town. One of the positions taken up by the Persians appears to have been at Boorazjoon or Brazjaun, a place situated on the road to Shiraz, but within fifty miles of Bushire. Here they were entrenched, and from this position it was anticipated that we might be attacked. On the 3rd of February, therefore, an expeditionary force marched from Bushire against the Persian position, which was reached on the 5th, and which was presently evacuated by the enemy, with the loss of all their ammunition and stores. This success having been achieved, the troops prepared to return to their quarters on the 7th, during which movement the Persians ventured upon a night attack, but without effect. On the 8th, the British arrived at Khooshap, a place between Boorazjoon and Bushire. Here was posted a Persian division about 6,000 strong, but whether composed of the troops dislodged from Boorazjoon or of some separate levies, we are not distinctly informed. The British force comprised 4,300 infantry, 419 cavalry, and 18 guns. An attack was made with the cavalry and guns alone; and the results were most successful. Not only was the Persian army entirely routed, but the victory was attended with slight loss on our side, though the enemy left 700 dead on the field, while 100 prisoners remained in our hands. The loss on our side was 10 killed and 62 wounded.

AFFAIRS IN CHINA.

THE Company's steamer *Auckland* had a smart brush with mandarin junks on Sunday, Feb. 15; the little steamer *Eaglet*, was in her company. The junks were four in number, and heavily armed; they were captured and burnt. Our men then landed, captured a battery mounting 16 guns, and set fire to an adjacent village. One of the *Auckland's* men was shot.

The *Hornet* has been engaged with two divisions of Imperial junks. The Chinese were beaten. One junk blew up, and one was captured, with thirteen guns. The *Hornet* escaped without damage.

Admiral Seymour was at Hong Kong, waiting for reinforcements. We now hear that the trial of Allum and his fellow-prisoners resulted in a verdict of "Not Guilty."

A telegraphic message received at Bombay from the authorities of Calcutta states that the Emperor of China had sent orders to Yeh to conclude peace on any terms.

WAR AMONG THE ZULU KAFFIRS.

THE Zulu tribes are now in a state of revolution, and frightful scenes are enacted amongst them. Panda, King of the Zulus, has several grown-up sons, who have been casting covetous eyes on the inheritance. He is getting old, and unfit for war, and has repressed all the plans of the younger men against his enemies. His immediate predecessors, Daula and Dangaana, seeing that their king had always been murdered by their sons as the latter grew up, determined to anticipate any danger from that quarter by killing off their wives and concubines as soon as the birth of any child seemed probable. Panda, finding this course did not save either of the last two kings from a violent death, allowed his children to live. Such as the kings and the chiefs, such are the people; and the acts above described are only different in their extent and degree from what is done continually among the Zulus of all classes.

Some pressure had been applied to Panda by his sons, whereby they attained a division of territory, or were appointed chiefs; but, being dissatisfied and quarrelling with each other about the territory assigned them, they appealed to Panda. He told them to fight it out. On Tuesday, December 2, Imbulazi, his son or nephew, with a few of the old chiefs, was awaiting the attack of Cetuwaya, son of Panda. The latter had succeeded in obtaining adherents from among the old chiefs to a much larger extent than was expected. When Cetuwaya's army appeared in sight of Imbulazi, the force of the former was so overpoweringly superior, that the latter took to flight at once. They were stationed about seven miles from the Tugela, the boundary of Natal, and made for the river. Cetuwaya's army amounted to 15,000 men; Imbulazi's to 7,000; few chances had the latter therefore. They were in fact massacred. Meanwhile, a party of colonists was formed, under the eye of our Government agent stationed near the Tugela. Mr. Walmesley, son of Sir Joshua Walmesley, M.P., sixty Hottentot police and volunteers, agreed to cross the Tugela armed, under the superintendence of one Joan Dunn, Kafir interpreter to Walmesley, for the purpose of endeavouring to stop the battle by parley. John Dunn was fired at, and narrowly escaped being shot. His party returned to fire a volley, and for some time their discipline was sufficient to keep back the confused ranks of the savages. But at last they perceived they were being surrounded, and were obliged to retreat; their arms were thrown away, and only four or five returned across the Tugela. The slaughter of the escaping Kaffirs was then carried on. A body of about 600 women and girls are spoken of as advancing into the river until they were nearly out of their depth, when they were assailed by their ruthless pursuers. Some of the women, with children on their backs, were killed by a single thrust of the assegai passing through infant and mother. The river bore down to the sea the bodies of those who were killed in the water, or drowned in their attempt to escape into Natal. Many—two or three thousand it is said—escaped into Natal, and were thrown for support upon the slender means at the disposal of the native population among the colonists. The pursuing party turned away from the river, and spread themselves over the whole country. Panda, in all probability, will be killed by the victorious son, to whose sway there will not be a black in the Zulu country that may dare to show any resistance.

The Kaffirs in Natal sympathise with the defeated, knowing that their fate would be their own if Cetuwaya could have his will. As soon as these affairs were reported, Mr. Shepstone, the secretary for native affairs, repaired to the spot; the governor afterwards went there.

It is suggested that it would save much bloodshed and ultimate expense if the British Government would send a military expedition at once, take possession of the country, setting up a chief under their protection, and limit his powers. A tower on the healthy high grounds on the borders of the Delagoa Bay would form a military depot, and keep the Zulus in order.

DREADFUL RAILWAY ACCIDENT IN CANADA.

THE Toronto and Hamilton Railroad intersects the Great Western about a mile and a half west of Hamilton (Canada West) and the Toronto trains come down to the city on the track of the Great Western Company. The train from Toronto on the evening of the 12th ult., consisted of a locomotive, tender, baggage carriage, and two passenger coaches—the latter containing about ninety-three persons. When this train reached a junction just above Hamilton, it was ascertained that the train from Detroit had not gone down to Hamilton, as it should have done, before the Toronto train. After waiting twenty minutes the Toronto train went on.

Just before reaching a bridge over the Desjardins Canal the train left the track, by a misplacement of a switch or some other cause, and ran upon the bridge. The bridge broke down, and engine, carriages and all plunged into the canal, thirty or forty feet below.

The catastrophe was instantaneous and complete. The locomotive and tender were entirely submerged, the baggage-carriage partially so. The forward passenger car turned bottom upwards and sunk so deep that the floor was but a few inches above the water. Every soul in this car perished, by drowning of course. The rear passenger carriage rested upon an end, and was about half submerged. Most of the passengers in the rear of this carriage escaped, the remainder were drowned. Of ninety-three passengers, only fifteen or sixteen are accounted for. Seventy-two bodies were taken from the water during the night.

When the locomotive and tender went into the abyss literally, the baggage-van swung round apparently as it was going over, and broke loose from the tender. The consequence was, it struck on the ice to the left of where the locomotive disappeared, and slid, so strong was the ice, a short distance. It never overturned, and its three inmates, though thrown among the baggage, escaped with but barely trifling bruises. The conductor, hearing the smash of the bridge, and standing at the open door of the car, leaped out just at the brink of the chasm. He escaped unhurt. Among those who were drowned was Samuel Zimmerman, the "railway king" of Canada.

THE ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH.—The Secretary of the United States Navy has given orders to fit out the steamers *Niagara* and *Mississippi* to proceed to England to assist in laying down the submarine telegraph cable between Newfoundland and Ireland. The *Niagara* is said by the Americans to be the largest steam-vessel of war in the world. The *Mississippi* is the most powerful paddle-wheel steamer in the United States navy. The English Government will furnish two large ships of the same character. The *Niagara* will receive on board at London or Liverpool one-half of the cable, and the other half will be put on board an English steam propeller. The four ships will then proceed together to the middle of the Atlantic, where the ends of the cable will be joined, and propellers will then start in opposite directions—the one for Newfoundland and the other for Ireland—each attended by a paddle-wheel steamer, so that in case of accident the propellers may be taken in tow and proceed on the voyage. It is pleasant to contemplate two great naval nations thus meeting in mid-ocean, not for battle, but in a peaceful effort to join the two hemispheres.

IRELAND.

ELECTION OF AN ARCHBISHOP.—On Friday week the parish priests of the diocese of Cashel proceeded to elect a successor, subject to the fiat of the Holy See, to the late Archbishop Slattery. The result was as follows:—Very Rev. Dr. Leahy, Vice-President of the Catholic University, primus; Very Rev. Dr. Renshan, President of Maynooth, secundus; Very Rev. Dr. Housley, tertius.

BRUTAL MURDER.—A letter, dated "Clonmel, Thursday," states that a dreadful murder was committed on the previous night between the Junction and Limerick. The name of the deceased had not transpired, but it appears that the body, after being fearfully mutilated, was placed across the rails, in anticipation of the next train passing over it; fortunately, the engine-driver observed the body, and, having stopped the train before it reached it, descended and found that life was quite extinct. No other particulars are as yet known.

SCOTLAND.

A FAMILY POISONED.—Captain John Reid and family, Branderburgh, near Elgin, became suddenly ill shortly after dinner, on Thursday week, and complained of sickness—of a burning sensation at the stomach, and other indications of poison. It was then found that some arsenic which Mr. Reid had lately purchased for the purpose of destroying rats, had been inadvertently mixed with some flour, which was that day used for fish and sauce. Immediately on discovering the state of affairs, a despatch was sent for a surgeon, who administered emetics and other restoratives, and thus saved the lives of the family.

LOSS OF A CLIPPER SHIP.—The new iron clipper ship *Charlemagne*, of 1,017 tons, belonging to Mr. Arthur and Binnie's line of Australian packets, has gone on shore during thick weather at Feochan Bay, on the coast of Cantire, about six miles to the south of Campbellton, and at the entrance of the Sound of Sanda. The crew and passengers were landed in the boats. No hopes were entertained of saving the ship, which, along with her cargo, is said to be valued at £111,000. She had several valuable horses on board, all of which were drowned.

FATAL GUN ACCIDENT.—Last week, as William Ferguson, spirit dealer, of Kilbirnie, was out with others shooting rabbits, Duncan Johnson, one of the party, had his gun on full cock, and, in passing through a clump of brambles, the trigger came in contact with one of the twigs, the charge exploded, and Ferguson was killed. Marks of the shot were on the chest, arms, and face, and some had penetrated the lungs, causing almost instant death. We understand that Johnson is in custody.

THE PROVINCES.

THE COLLIERY EXPLOSION NEAR BARNESLEY.—Operations have at length commenced for emptying the colliery at Lund Hill of the water poured into it for the purpose of extinguishing the fire. From the information obtained from the men who explored the pit directly after the explosion as to the extent of the fire, and judging also from the temperature of the water in the pit, the engineers who have the management came to the opinion a short time ago, that, if water were poured into the pit until it reached the height of sixty feet up the down-cast shaft, it would extinguish the fire. The water reached this height on Tuesday week, and on the evening of that day operations were commenced for drawing it out by means of large iron buckets. After operations had been fairly commenced, it was found that the buckets discharged from 500 to 600 gallons per minute. It is feared that several weeks must elapse before the pit can be emptied. Lime is mixed with the water drawn out of the pit as a disinfectant, to prevent any injurious consequences to the residents of the neighbourhood. Much anxiety still exists among the friends of the deceased as to the recovery of the bodies, and many assembled to witness the commencement of operations for emptying the pit. A wagon load of coffins sent from Barnesley to Lund Hill a few days ago, to be ready when the bodies shall be recovered, created a very painful sensation in the intervening villages. The re-ventilation of the pit when empty will be promoted by two large fans which are being erected for the purpose, and it is understood that the hazardous task of exploration and recovering the bodies will be intrusted to a number of the most experienced miners who can be found in the district. The temperature of the water in the pit not being yet quite uniform, some doubt still exists in well-informed quarters as to whether the fire is yet extinguished.

RETIREMENT OF THE BISHOP OF NORWICH.—Some time since we mentioned the probable retirement of the Bishop of Norwich, though the announcement of his actual retirement was premature. The near approach of his departure from the diocese has now been made known to his clergy by a farewell address. Norwich is the diocese which contains the largest number of clergy and of cures of souls of any in England; the business therefore is very onerous. Dr. Hinds has for some years been afflicted by a severe and painful illness, which has tended to debar him from performing many episcopal duties. In taking leave of his clergy, the Bishop explains the causes of his separation from them; thanks them for the aid they have afforded in lightening his duties and in supplying omissions; and urges upon them a pursuit of his duties.

ALLEGED WIFE POISONING IN LANCASHIRE.—On Friday week an adjourned inquiry into the circumstances attending the death of Ellen, wife of Edward Hardman, a shoemaker, living near Chorley, was made by Mr. M. Myers, county coroner. The inquest had been adjourned to give time to analyse the contents of the stomach, &c. The father of the deceased, and a woman named Sarah Crawshaw, who lived next door, stated that she told them, in her illness, that her husband had given her something which made her sick. They did not live very affectionately together, and had been separated for a time. She was insured in several burial clubs, and he received the money. It was proved that he bought some arsenic. Mr. Watson, a chemist, found arsenic and antimony in the body of the deceased. The inquest was again adjourned.

GALLANT RESCUE.—The Berwick life-boat was instrumental, on Sunday week, in rescuing the crew of five men from the schooner *Heinrich Gerdes*, from Rostock to Leith, which, during the heavy gale that prevailed on the coast near Berwick on that day, was stranded on Spittal Point. The service was gallantly performed, severe as it was; for it was dark, a heavy sea and a hail-storm prevailed. One of the shipwrecked crew was washed overboard, but was soon saved by means of a life-buoy. A few months ago, this same life-boat also rescued the crew of six hands from a foreign vessel, the *Provence* of Norway.

MURDER AT DEAL.—Lieutenant Edward M'Carroll, of the 44th Foot, a young man of about 20 years of age, managed on Saturday to get involved in the excitement of the election contest for Deal and Sandwich. At about one o'clock on Sunday morning he met and spoke to a coast-guard man in Deal, whom he asked to have some grog, and said he had lost £5 at the election. M'Carroll then crossed the road to a public-house opposite, and, knocking at the door with his stick, asked for a glass of grog "on tie." This the landlady refused. M'Carroll put his stick within the door for the purpose of keeping it open; presently, however, he walked away in the direction of Walmer. All this the coast-guard witnessed from the opposite side of the way. A few minutes after, Baker, the husband of the landlady, came out of the house, and proceeded in the same direction. Before going out, he took up a short poker from the fire-place, which he put half into his pocket. It appears that his wife had told him that M'Carroll had put the stick in her mouth, and nearly pulled her tongue out. Baker on coming out asked the coast-guard what way the gentleman had gone, and, being told, went in pursuit of him. What ensued was not witnessed; but at five o'clock M'Carroll was found lying on the beach, with an incised wound of about three inches behind the left ear, from which an immense quantity of blood had flowed. He was removed to his quarters, and died in about an hour. He was quite unconscious up to the moment of his death. Baker returned to his house in about an hour from the time at which he left it, when he said to the coast-guard, "I caught him, and I gave him with something I had in my pocket." The coast-guard asked where he had left him, and Baker said, "On the beach." Baker was apprehended on Sunday, when he admitted having struck the deceased with a bobbing-stick. He was taken before a full bench of magistrates on Monday, and the above facts having been given in evidence, the prisoner was committed for trial.

THE EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH has forwarded a donation of 1,000*l.* (£40), towards the Memorial Fund collected by the friends of the late Captain Thompson, C.B. The proceeds are to be applied to the benefit of a brother of Captain Thompson, also a soldier.

AMMUNITION FOR CHINA.—The freight ship *Violet*, at Woolwich, has commenced shipping war stores for China. The cargo is to consist of shot, shell, guns, mortars, and the three newly-constructed three-pounder batteries, arranged for the mountain service as well as for traversing the ricefields, where the nature of the ground would not admit of the passage of heavier pieces of ordnance. The wheels are made of the Indian peacock wood, which contains a sappy and poisonous ingredient, sufficient to preserve it from being destroyed by the numerous ants and other vermin in those countries. The ammunition wagons and watercarts are formed so as to be converted into ambulance wagons for removing the wounded, and are supplied with movable stretchers on elastic springs. The other portions of the woodwork of these batteries are composed of teak and mahogany. They are on a perfectly new principle, and have excited much admiration.

THE BELGIANS AT WATERLOO.—An interesting ceremony took place at Brussels on Tuesday week. A committee of patriotic Belgians, including M. Van Schoor, a member of the Senate, and several members of the Chamber of Representatives, waited upon General Rénard, and presented him with a sword of honour, in acknowledgment of the service which he has rendered his country by refusing, in the series of letters in the "Independence Belge," the accusations brought by certain foreign historians against the conduct of the Belgian troops at the battle of Waterloo. The General remarked that there was really no foundation for that calumny, which only originated in a half jesting allusion in an obscure English contemporary pamphlet, and had been incautiously adopted by later authors.

OBITUARY.

KEMBLE, J. M.—At Dublin, on the 36th ult., died John Mitchell Kemble, a well-known Anglo-Saxon scholar. Mr. Kemble was the son of the late Charles Kemble—of stage celebrity—and graduated at Trinity College, Cambridge. When an undergraduate, we understand that he gave offence to the authorities by some indiscreet remarks at an examination, which drew upon him as a punishment that temporary suspension from the University which is there technically called "rustication." During a part of it is period of rustication, he went to Hanover, and studied under Grimm, and imbibed his taste for the study of the Anglo-Saxon language. During the period of rustication, Mr. Kemble went to Gibraltar, and there joined a small party of Spanish patriots in an attempt to land on the Spanish coast and excite an insurrection. The conspirators had been betrayed to the authorities, and were surrounded by the Government troops as soon as they reached the shore, and were all taken and condemned to death. Mr. Kemble was saved by urgent intercessions on the part of the representatives of England. After his return he took his degrees of B.A. and M.A. at Cambridge, and resided there for some time, pursuing his favourite studies among the numerous Anglo-Saxon MSS. in the University and college libraries. Mr. Kemble had been recently turning his attention to the archaeology of the period which followed the ruin of the Roman Empire—and had, during the last few years, superintended extensive excavations in the early cemeteries in Germany. He had communicated several papers on this subject to the Society of Antiquaries and to the Archaeological Institute, and had announced a more general and extensive work on this branch of archaeology, which was to have been published by subscription. He had been appointed to arrange the classes of British, Roman, and Anglo-Saxon Antiquities in the approaching Art-Exhibition at Manchester, and was engaged at Dublin in collecting monuments of Celtic Art for Manchester at the time of his death.

SHAW, SIR J. K., BART.—On the 17th ult., at Paris, aged 74, died Sir John Kenward Shaw, Bart., of Eltham, Kent. He was born in 1783, the eldest son of the fifth Baronet, by a daughter of the second Lord Monson; succeeded to the title in 1831, and married, in 1809, Charlotte, daughter of W. Lloyd, Esq., of Betchworth, Surrey. As he had no issue by her, he succeeded in the title by his nephew, John Charles Kenward Shaw, Esq., now seventh Baronet.

WESTMORELAND, DOWAGER COUNTESS OF.—On the 26th ult., at Brynpton House, in Somersetshire, the seat of her daughter, Lady Georgiana Bane, died the Countess Dowager of Westmoreland. Her Ladyship had been suffering five weeks from the effects of a fall, since which her strength has been gradually failing. The deceased Lady was relict of John, tenth Earl of Westmoreland, who died on the 15th of December, 1841. She was daughter of H. H. Saunders, Esq., M.D., and with her sister, the late Viscountess Melville, coheiress and grand-niece of Admiral Sir Charles Saunders, K.B.

SCORESBY, DR.—At Torquay, on the 21st ult., after a lingering illness, died the Rev. Dr. William Scoresby, the celebrated Arctic navigator. He was a native of Whitby, in Yorkshire, and trained for naval adventure in a good school, his father having been one of the most daring seamen in the north in a whale fishery. Young Scoresby early accompanied his father in his voyages, and was injured to the perils of the Arctic Seas. When chief mate of his father's ship, he sailed to the highest latitude then reached by navigators. He remained in the whaling service after his father's death, and he had performed voyages in twelve successive seasons when he published his account of "The Arctic Regions," one of the most interesting records of maritime adventure that has ever been written. After giving up the sea, Scoresby entered the church; and after holding appointments in less congenial localities, he found in Hull a sphere which afforded full scope for his efforts for the social and spiritual improvement of sailors. In his professional duties he was active and unwearying, and his published "Discourses to Seamen" exhibit the earnestness and kindness with which he laboured for the good of the service in which he had passed his earlier years. Dr. Scoresby was a Fellow of the Royal Societies of London and Edinburgh, and a Corresponding Member of the Institute of France.

THE EARL OF ZETLAND is alarmingly ill at Aske Hall, near Richmond, his Lordship's seat in Yorkshire.

THE OLDEST AMERICAN BANKING-HOUSE in Paris (Messrs. Greene and Co., of the Place St. Georges), has been compelled to suspend payment.

CONVENTION OF COMMERCE AND NAVIGATION WITH MOROCCO.—A convention of commerce and navigation between her Majesty and the Sultan of Morocco, was signed at Tangier on the 9th of December last. It is stipulated that the Queen may appoint one or more consuls in the dominions of the Emperor, and that both they and the chargé d'affaires shall be inviolable, both in person and house. Each shall have the liberty of establishing a place of worship, to be protected by the British flag. Any British subject shall have the right to pass through or reside in any part of his Majesty's dominions, subject only to the same regulations as are submitted to by the citizens of the most favoured nations. Furthermore, British subjects shall have the right of freely hiring houses. They shall not be obliged to pay any taxes or impositions. They shall be exempt from all military service, whether by land or sea, from forced loans, and from every extraordinary contribution. Their dwellings shall be respected. "And, generally, his Majesty the Sultan engages that the subjects of her Britannic Majesty residing in his states or dominions shall enjoy their property and personal security in as full and ample a manner as subjects of the Emperor of Morocco are entitled to do within the territories of her Britannic Majesty." All criminal causes and all civil differences occurring between British subjects shall be decided by the British Consul-General or his deputy, and no Governor, Cadi, or other Moorish authority shall intermeddle therein. In cases between a British and a Moorish subject, the matter shall be referred to the authorities of the country to which the defendant belongs. If the defendant be a Moor, the matter goes before the Cadi; the British Consul being present; if the defendant be an Englishman, the case is tried by the Consul, the Governor or Cadi being present. The Sultan engages to abolish all monopolies or prohibitions on imported goods, with the exceptions of tobacco, pipes, opium, sulphur, saltpetre, lead, arms of all kinds, and ammunition of war; and he further engages to abolish all monopolies of agricultural produce, or of any other article whatsoever, except leeches, bark, tobacco, and other herbs used for smoking in pipes. It is provided by the fifth article that, should the Sultan prohibit the exportation of grain or other articles of commerce, British subjects may nevertheless export the stocks they have in their warehouses at the time such prohibition is imposed.

CHINESE SKETCHES.

A MANDARIN PROCEEDING TO PAY A CEREMONIAL VISIT. IN CHINA, as in Paris, the Emperor sets the fashion. The celestial potentate, according to Lord Macartney, travels in a sedan chair. The Ambassador had the honour of overtaking the imperial equipage on one occasion, and thus describes it:—

"Various squadrons of horse, with bowmen and their quivers, preceded the Emperor's approach. Soon after, a palanquin or sedan chair appeared, covered with bright yellow cloth, and adorned with windows of plate glass. It was carried by eight bearers, while eight others walked close to them in readiness to relieve the former. The chair was attended by a troop of horse in yellow uniforms, also by pikemen, standing and shield bearers."

As the Emperor, so the mandarins; but with a difference, of course. The state sedans of the latter have never more than four bearers, four others being in attendance to relieve them. The chairs, which in their general appearance are not unlike a pagoda bird-cage, are carried much in the same way as was borne the more barbarous sedan of English society in the last century. A bamboo pole is run through brackets at each side of the vehicle; and the chairmen carry it, not so much by bearing the ends of the poles in their hands, as by a cord which passes over their shoulders, like a yoke, from one pole to the other. The sedan is usually very richly ornamented.

According to Eastern usage the progress of the Mandarin is not accomplished without great noise and ostentation. A crowd of yellow "retainers" lead the procession, some shouting the virtues of their master into the dull and vulgar ear, others impressing his importance on the rabble by rattling bamboo-sticks about the heads of those who dare to approach the great man's path too nearly. An important member of the cortege carries a richly-illuminated scroll, on which is inscribed the name, rank, &c., of the Mandarin, his master. This scroll, which so far represents the visiting card of western life, is so far superior to it that it also contains the purport of the visit. This the bearer delivers to the person visited; and is received with more or less respect according to the relative rank of the parties. The host comes to the gate, or the visitor is borne in without further ceremony. And this is the way in which great men visit in China.

THE PUNISHMENT OF THE CANGUE.

On one account, at least, the Chinese have little reason to twit the outer world with its barbarity. The punishments permitted by their laws, or authorised by usage and the mandarins, are the most exquisitely cruel in all the known universe. To be fried in a cage, day after day, under a sun of which we have scarcely a conception, even in the dog-days—to be leisurely skinned alive—to be disembowelled—to be starved during a series of daily decreasing rations—to have their flesh carved from their bones in little pieces—is the common lot of the malefactor and the rebellious. The *cangue*, or *lecha*, to which we last week referred as the not uncommon punishment of an unsuccessful Chinese



CHINESE SKETCHES: A MANDARIN PROCEEDING TO PAY A VISIT OF CEREMONY.

general, is an instrument of torture which exhibits the invention of the people in a rather strong light. Without the excitement of religious enthusiasm, they have accomplished a tormenting-machine which only the inquisitors of old could have surpassed. The cangue is a heavy wooden frame, divided into two parts, but connected at one side by a hinge, and (when shut up) fastened on the other side by a screw or bolt. In the centre of this frame is a hole—i.e., a semicircular piece is cut out of the

internal sides of each portion of the machine, so that when closed a circular aperture appears. In this aperture the neck of the culprit is enclosed, so that it forms as it were a huge collar; and when his hands are caught up in two smaller holes, one at each side of the larger one, his misery is complete. The fastening of the machine is sealed by the committing mandarin, a paper containing the record of the poor wretch's crimes is posted on the frame, and he is sent forth to wander.

Or rather, he is sent forth at the end of a chain, to be trailed by an official every morning into some public place—there to stand, only too happy if there be a good, comfortable wall to recline against till night comes, and he is led back to the jail. The horror of the punishment consists in this:—that the cangue weighs from 60 to 200 pounds; and it is sometimes never taken from the culprit's neck for six months. It is commonly worn for several weeks.



CHINESE SKETCHES: THE PUNISHMENT OF THE CANGUE.



REVIEW ON SOUTHSEA COMMON, OF TROOPS UNDER ORDERS FOR CHINA.

THE REVIEW ON SOUTHSEA COMMON.

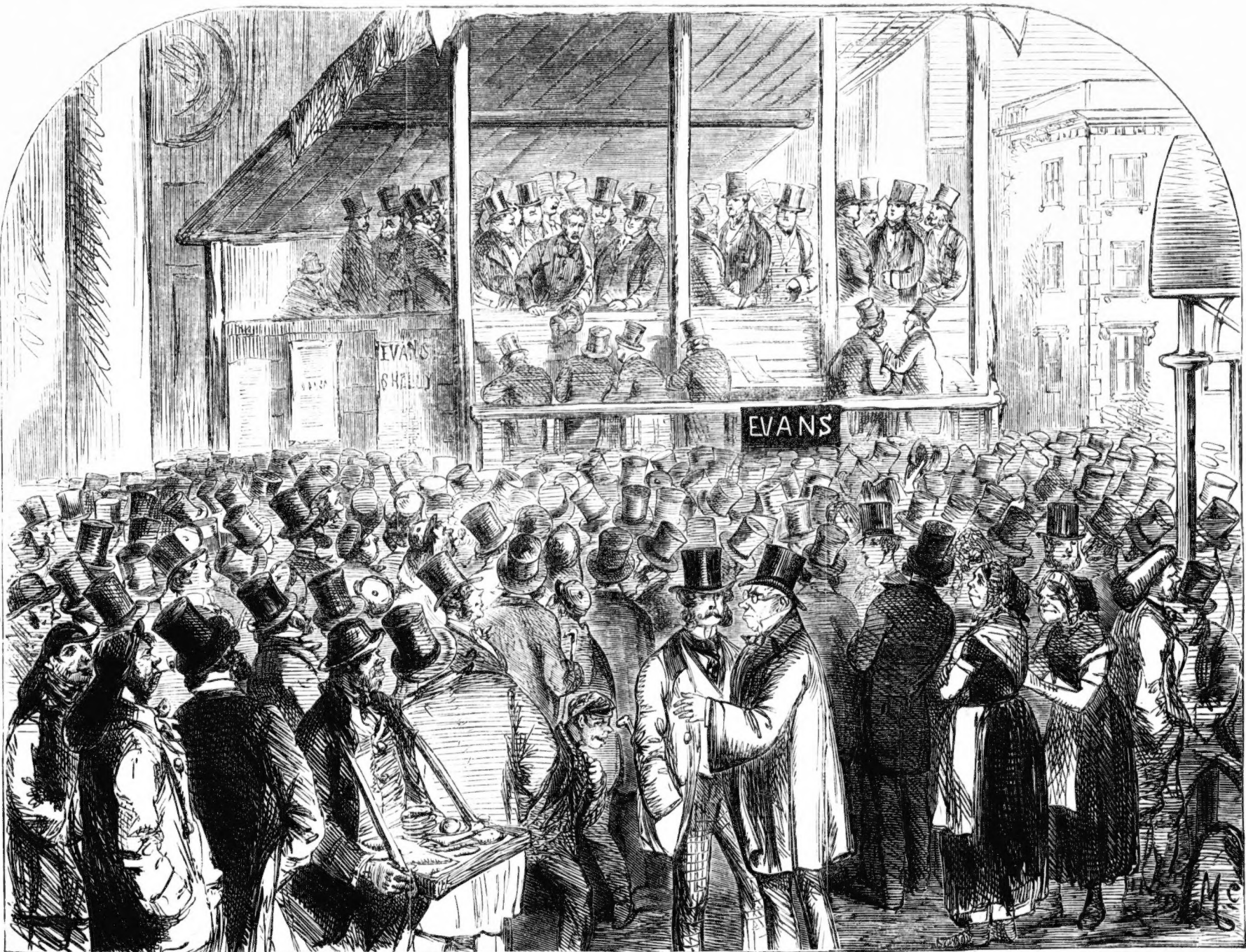
On the morning of Monday, the 23rd ult., the Duke of Cambridge, in his capacity of Commander-in-Chief of the British Army, paid a visit to Portsmouth. The object of this visit on the part of his Royal Highness was to review, on Southsea Common, three regiments (viz., the 23rd, the 52nd, and the 90th) ere the troops comprising them embarked to take part

in the operations in China; and we need hardly add that the military pomp and circumstance displayed were of course in all respects worthy of the occasion.

About noon, the Duke of Cambridge, accompanied by the Adjutant-General of the Forces, the Quartermaster-General, and other officers of the staff, arrived by railway at Portsmouth, and, after a pause, proceeded to

the Common, where the troops were drawn up in line. When he arrived on the ground, the Duke, who was loudly cheered by those assembled to witness the military pageant, rode down the line, and carefully inspected the three regiments.

This inspection having been completed, the troops were marched in slow and quick time, went through a few military manoeuvres, and were then



THE WESTMINSTER ELECTION. RETURN OF THE FIRST MEMBER TO THE NEW PARLIAMENT.

drawn up in solid square. On this being done, the colonels of the various regiments came to the front, while the other officers arranged themselves round three sides of the square.

After the troops had taken up this position, an impressive and interesting scene was witnessed by those assembled. The Duke, as Commander-in-Chief, commenced a frank, sensible, and soldierly address to the officers and men who took part in the ceremony. He said it was his duty as well as a pleasure to meet the regiments with whom he had been in service; and previous to their embarkation to China, he wished to address them. He had been informed that the country to which they were destined was very unhealthy, but he did not think so himself. He felt a pleasure in giving advice as to what steps they should take to prevent sickness, and good health was only to be preserved by practising cleanliness. So far as he was concerned, he had left nothing undone that could secure the health and comfort of the troops. He then called on the three commanding officers who were now before him, to come forward and say what they thought would further tend to make the troops more comfortable, on board, as well as on shore.

After a few more words, eulogising the appearance of the men about to embark, the Royal Duke left the ground accompanied by a brilliant staff, and followed by thousands of the inhabitants who cheered loudly as the Royal visitor proceeded to the Dock-yard, and shortly after left by train. At this time the Clarence Esplanade was lined with the standards of all nations for about a quarter of a mile, and presented a very imposing aspect.

OUTER LIFE OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS THE ELECTIONS.

THERE is, as yet, no inner life of the House of Commons, for the Parliament is at present only in the process of being born; more than half the Members have been returned, but the county elections have to come off, and the returns will not be complete for another ten days or so. In the meantime, let us look a little at the results of those elections which are finished; and first we have to deplore the loss of several of our best men, Cobden is lost; Manchester has despoiled the House of Bright and Milner Gibson; Oxford has rejected Cardwell; Aylesbury has dishonoured itself by refusing the services of Layard; Miall is no longer the Member for Rochdale; Fox has been discredited by Oldham; Ronaldell Palmer has retired; and the two Phillipses are without seats. These losses are a "heavy blow and great discouragement" to all who feel interested in keeping up the intellectual character of the House. What the people of England can be thinking of we cannot imagine. Madness must have seized them; or Palmerston has made them drunk, and hurried on the elections before they have time to get sober. Lately there seems to have been a passion to elect none but local nobodies. Only fancy that Manchester should have turned out Bright, a man of world-wide fame—and Oxford, Cardwell, one of the first men in the House—to choose a Potter and a Neate, men whom nobody knows beyond the precincts of Manchester and Oxford. "It is the everlasting privilege of fools to be ruled by the wise," but Manchester, Huddersfield, and Oxford have renounced this privilege. To use one of Carlyle's expressions, "The Bobusses have chosen a Bobissimus." Nor is there any likelihood of any one coming in to counterbalance these losses, for, on looking over the list of new Members, we cannot discover a single man, with the exception of "Fother" Kinglake, who is "known to fame." There will probably be in the new House not more than some eight or nine really effective speakers, unless, out of the 150 new Members, some unknown orator should unexpectedly turn up.

LONDON FAITHFUL.

London has nobly done its duty—"faithful amongst the faithless found." There were some noteworthy incidents connected with the City election. First, the rebuke which Dillon and Co. have received is worthy of notice. The worthy draper at the head of this firm used to propose Lord John; and this so elated him with pride that at last he came to think himself a sort of king-maker; that it was to him Lord John owed his election; and that whom he would he could set up, and whom he would he could put down. And so when Lord John didn't please the king-making draper, he quietly pushed his Lordship aside, without even thinking it necessary to consult him upon the matter; and when Lord John actually came forward without Dillon's warrant so to do, the poor man was quite astounded. More so when he saw the list of his Lordship's committee in the "Times." And even now that the result of the poll has been declared, he is only slowly awaking to the fact, that it was Lord John Russell that made Mr. Dillon known, and not Mr. Dillon who conferred position and celebrity upon Lord John. Again, it is now quite clear that this was, as Lord John said it was in the Guildhall, "a soldier's battle," for it is probable that never in the history of City contests was there a victory won so purely by the spontaneous energy of the voters. It is true there was a committee, and all the outward and visible apparatus of an election; but the time was so short that very little canvassing could be effected. No voters were brought to the poll, not a single public-house was engaged, and not a single voter was paid in any shape whatever. In short, the people did it all by their own enthusiasm. Further, a large number of the Jews refused to vote for Lord John. They voted for Rothschild, who can go no further than the bar of the House; but the distinguished man who has attempted to remove this hindrance, or who is the man most likely to succeed in removing it, they refused to support. And, lastly, a number of the Dissenters stood aloof. It is true that Lord John has done more for the Nonconformists of England than any man now living has done or can do; but because he had not gone, in their estimation, quite far enough, they deserted him in the arduous struggle. Their gratitude refers not to large services already performed, but to small favours yet to come.

RUBBISH REMOVED.

As a set off to the lack of "stars" amongst the new Members, it must be confessed that a good deal of rubbish has been removed; for, with the exceptions above named, and perhaps some dozen more, all the men who are gone out were mere dummies or bores, most of them though of the former class. Of the bore class, it is gratifying to learn that we have lost Mr. Warner, of Norwich. This gentleman was not satisfied with boring the House, but he always chose the most inopportune time for his inflictions. Most bores rise at the dinner hour, when the House is thinly attended; but Mr. Warner's ambition was not to be satisfied by exhibiting to empty benches. He generally presented himself when the House was full, and waiting impatiently for the Premier to close the debate; and so strong was his *cacoethes loquendi* that he would talk for half-an-hour, though not a soul could make out a word that he said for the storm of groans and "Divide," "vide," which prevailed. Not a few of the old Members will be glad to see Mr. Warner's name in the list of the rejected. Major Reed, too, is also gone. The Major, however, can hardly be called a bore, simply for the reason that his speeches were not long enough. Captain Seobell is gone. He was a bore of the first water. Mr. Mitchell has also received his mittimus from Bodmin. He is a worthy man; but on certain subjects he was very tiresome—the Vaccination Question, for instance. He has a mortal hatred to Jenner—believes that vaccination has introduced "no end" of diseases into the human body—and would propose away for an hour together—albeit it was past twelve—in proving that the cow-pox was a curse to mankind. Our old friend Patrick Murrough, too, is gone, and will no more "drestep the modesty of nature" on the parliamentary boards. Mr. Murrough was elected in 1852 for Bridport, by accident, and has been rejected by design. He came in as a Radical, and it is rumoured got his qualification from Coppock, being the only man who fairly hood-winked that celebrated electioneer—for hood-winked he certainly was, as Mr. Murrough turned out to be one of the most pertinacious opponents of the Government in the House.

LOSS TO THE DISSIDENTS.

The Dissenters have suffered severely in the contest. Not less than seven or eight have been rejected; and we cannot find that any have been elected in their places. And they have also lost Sir W. Clay, who, though not a Dissenter, was a recognised organ of the Nonconformists in the House. But the severest blow that has been dealt them is the loss of Mr. Bright and Mr. Miall. It is true that they have got Mr. Hadfield, who has the eye of a hawk to detect any wrong about to be inflicted upon the Dissenting world, and the untiring perseverance of a sleuth-hound in exposing it; but then he has no power in the House; he has the character of a bore; and, when once a man is stamped with that, all his influence is gone.

ELECTIONEERING NOTES.

THE FIRST ELECTION.

IN the history of popular elections, the city of Westminster has been always distinguished, either disgracefully or honourably. Its candidates have been among the foremost men of their time—men conspicuous for talent and for high political character; but they commonly addressed the most uproarious and worst-believed mobs in all the three kingdoms. On the last occasion, however, an opposite picture was presented. Instead of such men as Charles James Fox, Richard Brinsley Sheridan, Sir Francis Burt, Sir Cam. Hobhouse, the candidates were Sir De Lacy Evans and Sir John Villiers Shelley, both very respectable men, but scarcely up to the old mark. On the other hand, however, a well-behaved and intelligent set of men, numbering about 700 to 800 persons, stood in the place of the large and noisy rabble which yelled before the hustings in the days of yore. But the Westminster electors enjoy another distinction. They returned the first member of the present Parliament. Sir De Lacy Evans is the first-born of the New House; and in right of that distinction will, we believe, take the chair in the House of Commons till a new Speaker is elected. His own election, distinguished on this account, is represented in an engraving on the preceding page.

LORD PALMERSTON AT TIVERTON.

After the election at Tiverton, Lord Palmerston attended a banquet to celebrate the re-opening of the Athenæum. The health of her Majesty's ministers was drunk. Lord Palmerston responded to the toast. In the course of his speech, his Lordship said, in reference to the Chinese affair, that the country had shown as honourable a spirit as when it rose en masse to insist upon the vigorous prosecution of the Russian war. He had received a large number of addresses in favour of the conduct of the Government, from many of the largest cities and commercial communities—addresses signed by men of all political creeds. His Lordship proceeded to say—"It is a mistake to suppose that we are at war with China. As yet the collision has been purely local, and the Emperor of China may disavow the barbarian who has been the cause of it; but at the same time I don't expect that when Lord Elgin reaches China that will have actually happened. I am inclined to think he will find things much in the same state as when the last accounts left, and that the Emperor has trusted to the chapter of accidents to see what will rise out of the collision." But, said Lord Palmerston, "I trust that when Lord Elgin, backed as he will be by an overwhelming naval force, double that which Sir William Parker had in the late China war—and backed also by a large military force—will be able to effect the objects sought; and if fair means fail he will also be able to make his demands felt and known by means which the Chinese Government will not, I think, be disposed to feel without amendment. Therefore it is a most gratifying thing to find the feelings of this country so unanimously expressed on this question." His Lordship proceeded to say that the evasion of the right of entrance into Canton, on the ground that the Cantonese had a fixed enmity to foreigners, and their admission into the city would lead to bloodshed, was artfully couched; and that no such hatred to foreigners existed. There would be a manifest advantage if the British merchant out of the town, and the Chinese merchant in the town, could hold a direct communication. But peaceful relations were not broken on these grounds, though free communication with Canton might have prevented the collision, and would probably avert such difficulties for the future. The Premier made some allusion to his foreign policy generally. He said, "It was my good or ill fortune, while I held the department of the Foreign Office, to have many difficult things to deal with. I have been accused of being the fir brand of Europe, and one statesman of Europe even said that I was a European calamity. I was accused of exciting revolution everywhere, and disturbing the peaceful state of Europe. Now, gentlemen, what I did, and what the Government of which I was the organ did, was to encourage and support, as far as we could with propriety, those nations who endeavoured to improve their institutions and to obtain for themselves the blessings of that parliamentary Government which we in England have so long enjoyed. We had a great deal to do with the independence of Belgium. In Spain we took part with the people against the Pretender, who had inscribed despotism on his banner, and supported the Queen, who had freedom and the constitution inscribed on her flag. In Portugal we supported the Queen against her usurping uncle, who had the support of many in this country who ought not to have supported his cause; and Portugal, I am happy to say, is in a great degree enjoying the practical application of parliamentary government. Well, then, all these things being accomplished without engaging this country in war, those who contended in this country to these hazy results are by some gentlemen called firebrands—the great calamities of Europe. And, therefore, when I am told my policy is turbulent and aggressive, why, then, gentlemen, I appeal to the past, and evidence is not wanted in regard to these accusations when applied to the future."

LORD JOHN RUSSELL IN THE CITY.

On the declaration of the poll, Lord John Russell addressed the electors of London. After thanking them for their support, he remarked that all Ministers had laid before the public this excuse (which his Lordship thought a very fair and just one) that parties were so finely balanced in the House of Commons that it was difficult to carry Liberal measures to those measures. He hoped, however, that the result of the present election would be to return so large a majority of Liberals that the House of Lords would no longer have that reason to allege against giving their assent to such measures of reform as Lord Palmerston would thus be enabled, if he meant reform, to bring forward. The election had not turned—the people of the United Kingdom would not allow it to turn—on the temporary question of whether Sir J. Bowring was right or wrong. They knew that the true distinction is not between the Bowringites and the Yelites, but between Conservatives and Reformers, the Conservatives desiring to maintain our institutions and not to improve them, and Reformers desiring to improve our institutions and at the same time to preserve them. His Lordship thus continued—"I trust, as I have formerly said, to see the edifice of religious liberty perfected. I trust to see free-trade completed by the abolition of some obnoxious duties. I trust that by economy and retrenchment we shall be able to spare those additional duties on sugar and tea which tend so much to diminish the enjoyments of the people. I trust also that by extending the franchise to the enlightened, the respectable, the honest classes who have not hitherto the benefit of exercising the franchise, we may extend still further the basis of our representation, and give an additional security to our institutions. Such may be, I trust, the result of this dissolution."

MR. DISRAELI IN BUCKINGHAMSHIRE.

After the election for Buckinghamshire, Mr. Disraeli came forward to thank the electors for his return. He reviewed the career of the Government of which he was a member when he last stood on the hustings. He asserted, in the course of his remarks, that when he acceded to office there were not fifty field-pieces in the country fit for use; and at the funeral of the Duke of Wellington they could not find seventeen gun-carriages for the purpose of attending (according to established custom) the funeral of that illustrious field-marshal. He boasted that the Government had prepared the way for the alliance with France, in recognising the dynasty of Napoleon the Third, contrary to the spirit of overtures made by Russia and Austria on that subject. Passing to the Russian war, he said that Lord Palmerston, immediately after he had accepted office, commenced negotiations for an ignominious peace. The instructions which Lord John Russell received for his guidance at Vienna were drawn up by Lord Palmerston's own hand. When those Vienna negotiations were laid before the House of Commons by Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton, the indignation of the House would have terminated the administration of Lord Palmerston, and that administration was only saved by Lord John Russell coming forward, and making himself the voluntary scapegoat of the government he had served, and of which he was himself a member. Mr. Disraeli then went on to say that the general policy now pursued by this country is of a character that necessarily entails a very considerable expenditure. It is a policy, we hear, that is very popular, but it is a policy that is perpetually meddling in every part of the world—that occasions disturbances which in their turn occasion expense, and that at the end of the year always leads to increased estimates. These remarks led to the Chinese question, which he said had been merely a pretext for the dissolution. Before the end of the discussion, Lord Palmerston announced that he meant virtually to supersede his agents in China, against whom the complaint of the majority was laid, and that he was about to send out some distinguished personage, who was to endeavour to effect a satisfactory settlement of the question. If he had announced this at first, there would have been no division whatever against the government.

SIR JAMES GRAHAM AT CARLISLE.

On being re-elected for Carlisle, Sir James Graham said:—"I will not support any particular Minister. I have nothing to ask at the hands of any Minister. I have no object to gain—no interest to serve—no wish to obtain which has not reference to the welfare of the country. I ask nothing for myself; but one thing I will do—whenever may be the Minister of the day, if he bring forward measures in accordance with the principles and opinions I hold, and which I have given expression to this day, according to the means I have in my power he shall have my moral cordial support. (Cheers.) If it be the pleasure of the representatives now returned to Parliament by the country to retain Lord Palmerston in office, I bow to their decision. From Lord Palmerston, as from any other Minister, I am ready to take any good measure he may tender; and if he fail to tender any, I will put pressure upon him, and endeavour to force him to do so. Lord Palmerston is, in my opinion, an old Tory of the deepest dye. It is very well known that, should he remain at the head of the Ministry, he will introduce the minimum of reform which the maintenance of his place requires; and the Tories will give him the maximum of support that decency will allow. That is the present state of affairs."

MR. COBDEN AT HUDDERSFIELD.

At Huddersfield, Mr. Cobden addressed the electors for upwards of an hour. In reply to some attacks, he said he was not going into the question of the Russian war; but he begged to remind his hearers that he had never offered any

opposition to the government in carrying on that war, or to the House of Commons in voting the money that was required. The money had been raised without any opposition from him; the taxes had been laid on, and he had never divided the House upon the subject. It was well known that the government spent all the money as fast as they could, and they did not make a very good use of it. The result of that war, he honestly believed, had not been to make any better being on the face of the earth either happier, or wiser, or better. He then defended his vote on the Chinese question. He was told that he was in favour of dishonouring the English flag. He had faith in the power and might of Englishmen to defend their flag against all comers in a just cause. All the world in arms could not disgrace the British flag if it had right and justice on its side.

SIR G. C. LEWIS AT RADNOR.

On his unopposed return for the Radnor Boroughs on Saturday, Sir G. C. Lewis addressed the electors. After touching on local matters, the Chancellor of the Exchequer rebutted the accusation that excessive expenditure and heavy taxation have resulted from the policy of Lord Palmerston. He pointed out that, for the year 1857-58, as compared with the year 1856-57, there had been a reduction of £11,500,000. The actual diminution on the last quarter (January to April) had been at the rate of nearly £100,000 per day. The Chancellor expressed himself decidedly in favour of very considerably reducing the present £50,000,000 of francs, but would not pledge himself to the exact amount of the reduction, whether to the full length of £10 or not. He was decidedly in favour of Mr. Locke King's bill. In fact the Government had agreed to support the introduction of that bill, but afterwards found that on account of some questions of form rather than of substance it could not be conveniently introduced; and that was the reason why they voted against its introduction.

SIR GEORGE GREY AT MORPETH.

Sir George Grey was returned for Morpeth on Saturday without opposition. The Mayor having proclaimed him duly elected.

Sir George said he was glad, as a member of the Government, to express the satisfaction he could not but feel as to the probable result of the appeal to the borough constituencies. He trusted that appeal would result in the election of members coalescing to the honour of the country. Upon the immediate question which led to the dissolution of Parliament, and upon which the appeal had been made, he was called upon to say but little. There was a remarkable feature in the case, that all persons, whether as merchants, traders, soldiers, or soldiers, or however engaged, and who were conversant with China, had said that the Government had taken the only course consistent with the honour of this country. It would have been unjust and ungenerous in the Government to shelter themselves from censure, and sacrificed their officers to save themselves, and if they had not been prepared to take upon themselves the responsibility. Under these circumstances, the House of Commons having passed a vote of censure on the Government, two courses were open to them: one was to tender their resignation, or advise her Majesty to appoint to the people, to see whether they were satisfied with the conduct of the Government, or to ratify the vote of the House of Commons. He believed the appeal would be answered satisfactorily by the people of this country. Sir George then reverted to the Russian war, largely eulogising the conduct of the Government which brought it to a termination. Now, however, a Parliament undistracted by the clamour of war was elected, and it would be occupied again with the social and moral improvement of the country. He trusted there might be a reduction of the burdens of the people, which no doubt the people of this country desired. He thought that Parliament had anticipated that, and they had taken the first opportunity of declaring that they would not avail themselves of the exact terms of the law with regard to the income tax. The Government had no desire to keep up the taxation of the country beyond what was necessary. Sir George then referred to the war with Persia, which he said had been undertaken with a view to protect our Indian Empire.

LORD STANLEY AT LYNN.

Lord Stanley on being returned for King's Lynn, said (after strongly condemning the Chinese hostilities, that with regard to foreign policy, he wished to see England always strong and united for defence, but he had no wish to see her armed and ready for aggression. With regard to Parliamentary Reform, he considered that some extension of the suffrage and some equalisation of the representation were necessary; but he had voted against Mr. Locke King's recent motion, because he thought that the question of Parliamentary Reform ought to be considered in its integrity, and not in a fragmentary manner. The Noble Lord then expressed himself opposed to the paper duty and the tax on insurances, and in favour of a revision of the tariff. He did not wish to leave the country defenceless, but he thought, on the whole, the standard maintained before the late war would be a tolerably fair one in future, and that militia forces might be established in some of the colonies. The Noble Lord then expressed himself in favour of reform in the laws relating to the transfer of land; a system of criminal and judicial statistics, as in France; the consolidation of the statute law; a change in the ecclesiastical courts; an improved system of testamentary jurisdiction; a reform in the laws on marriage and divorce; competitive examinations for the civil service; and the abolition of church rates.

SIR E. B. LYTON IN HERTFORDSHIRE.

Sir E. B. Lytton addressed the electors on his return for Hertfordshire. Referring to the dissolution and the elections, he said, from a perusal of the addresses of the great majority of the candidates, it appeared to him that they all entertained precisely the same opinions—in fact, that they were quite a happy family, and that one and all placed implicit confidence in the patriarchal minister, who announced nothing, and therefore compromised nobody. He remembered, just before the dinner at the Mansion House recently, meeting a friend of his, who said how unlucky it was that Lord Palmerston had been invited to that dinner, as he would be obliged to announce some definite policy; and if he were to lean to the Conservatives, he would lose the support of the boroughs, and if he appeared too liberal he would lose the support of the counties. He (Sir E. Lytton) told the gentleman in reply not to be alarmed, for Lord Palmerston was too clever to commit himself, and he would never let the end out of the bag until he knew which side of the house she would jump. He (Sir E. Lytton) should not undertake to give unqualified support to any minister; but as the country had said that Lord Palmerston ought to have fair trial, he thought it was the interest of all parties that this trial should be given him. Their opponents claimed to be the only supporters of liberal principles, but he could not help observing that although they had always liberal principles upon their lips, yet that when once they were singly settled in Downing Street, very little more was heard upon the subject. He (Sir E. Lytton) and the conservative party had endeavoured to modify the income tax—to make a distinction between incomes that were derived from personal pursuits and those derived from fixed property. Mr. Cowper and his friends, however, resisted the proposition, and defeated it. They also proposed to repeal half the duty on salt, but again those who professed to be the supporters of liberal principles defeated them. He did not complain of the proceeding of dissolving the late Parliament, but he did say that it was dismissed upon false pretences, and that if they had been told that a man like Lord Elgin was to be sent out as plenipotentiary to settle the dispute with the Chinese, the government would not have been left in a minority.

MR. LAYARD AT AYLESBURY.

At the close of the Aylesbury election, Mr. Layard said:—"I attribute the return of Mr. Bernard, whose principles are Conservative, to the fatal move made by Lord Palmerston. I was always of opinion that the course taken by Lord Palmerston would lead to the triumph of Tory principles in many parts of England. The reports to day from many boroughs in this kingdom show that these apprehensions were well founded. In many parts a Liberal has been sacrificed to a Tory, because a man whose heart is at enmity with all Liberal principles will not fail to sacrifice a Liberal Member. I do not often agree with Mr. Disraeli, but I do agree with him when he said that Lord Palmerston is the Tory chief of a Radical Cabinet. I much fear the result will have a bad effect on the political state of the country until we have a new Parliament. I know my friend, Mr. Bernard, has taken advantage of the cry for Lord Palmerston, and he is perfectly right. I do not believe he would support Lord Palmerston if he brings forward Liberal measures, but he will support him because he will bring forward measures in accordance with his own Conservative opinions." Mr. Layard, in conclusion, complained bitterly of undue influence having been brought to bear upon the electors.

SIR JOHN PAKINGTON AT DROITWICH.

At Droitwich, Sir John Pakington spoke at considerable length on being re-elected. He said that he was opposed to Lord Palmerston's general policy, but should Lord Palmerston propose any measure which he could approve, he would undoubtedly support that measure. They would find on referring to past history that Lord Palmerston was a Tory under Percival, a Whig under Lord Grey, a Whig and something more under Lord Melbourne. He was now at the head of affairs, and he (Sir John) thought he might say that he was nothing. Sir John then referred to other subjects. He was not for the ballot, but he did not fear it. He was for extending education, as they all knew, and decidedly objected to Lord Palmerston's foreign policy. He wished to see the question of church rates settled, but he contended it was not a tax upon persons, but upon property.

MR. CARDWELL AT OXFORD.

The Right Hon. Edward Cardwell addressed the electors on the declaration of the poll at Oxford. He said he did not desire to disguise from them in the slightest degree the regret which he sincerely felt at the announcement made by the mayor. It was impossible for him to feel other than sincere regret at the personal connection between them being about to undergo a temporary severance. When he reflected upon the number, and considered the character of those who had recorded their votes in his favour; when he remembered the perfect purity and independence with which those votes had been recorded, he could not help being satisfied; and he thought that it was particularly clear that he was not only justified in contesting the election, but that he should have deserted his post if he had taken any other course after the appeal made to him.

THE NEW PARLIAMENT.
RESULTS OF THE POLLS.

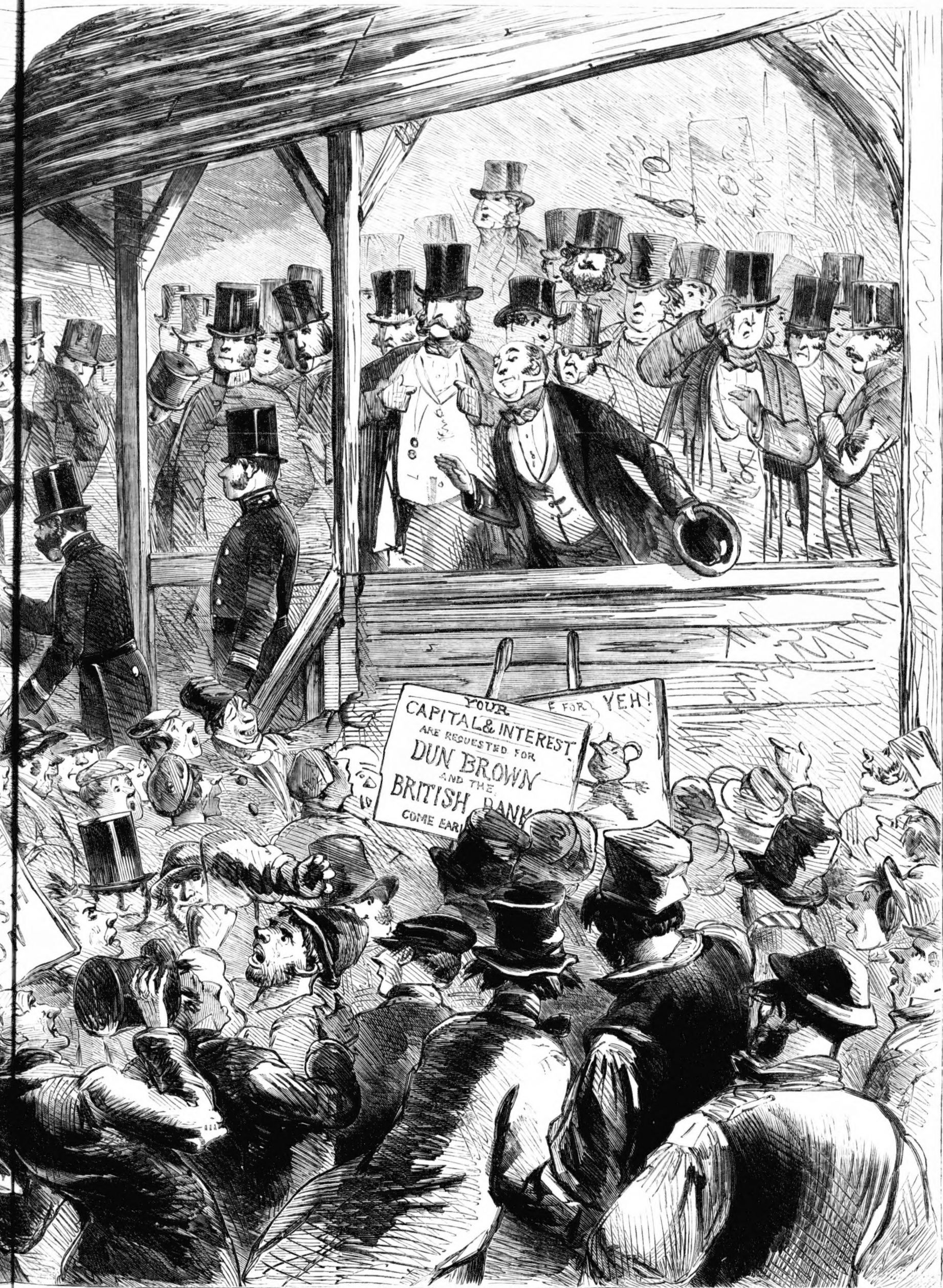
ABINGDON.		CHILTERNHAM.	
North—L	Unopposed.	Berkeley—L	Unopposed.
ANDOVER.		CHESTER.	
Cubitt—L	143	Grosvenor—L	1243
Forsythe—L	120	Salisbury—L	924
Coles	102	Grenfell	765
ANGLESEA.		CHICHESTER.	
Stanley—L	Unopposed.	Smith—L	Unopposed.
ARUNDEL.		CHIPPENHAM.	
Howard—L	Unopposed.	Lennox—C	Unopposed.
ASHBURTON.		CIRENCESTER.	
Moffat—L	Unopposed.	Boldero—C	175
ASHTON-UNDER-LYNE.		CLITHEROX.	
Hindley—L	Unopposed.	Nisbet—C	150
AYLESBURY.		CLONMEL.	
Bernard—C	546	Bagwell—L	Unopposed.
Bethell—L	506	Steel—L	Unopposed.
Layard	436	Nane—C	Unopposed.
BANBURY.		COCKERMOUTH.	
Tancred—L	260	Miller—C	599
Yates	58	Rebow—L	581
BANDON.		COLCHESTER.	
Captain Hon. W. S. Bernard—C	Unopposed.	Miller—C	599
BANFFSHIRE.		COLERAINK.	
Duff—L	Unopposed.	Boyd—L	Unopposed.
BARNSTAPLE.		COVENTRY.	
Fraser—C	344	Ellice—L	2825
Laurie—C	252	Paxton—L	2405
Taylor	180	Treherne	612
Potts	179	Mellor	707
Prinsep	35	CRICKLADE.	
BATH.		CUMBERLAND (EAST).	
Eaton—L	1243	Need—C	777
Tite—L	1194	Goddard—C	768
Way	1188	Monck	625
BEAUMARIS.		CUMBERLAND (WEST).	
Stanley—L	Unopposed.	Howard—L	Unopposed.
BEDFORD.		DARTMOUTH.	
Whitbread—L	452	Chird—L	120
Barrow—L	435	Hayne	93
Stewart	375	DENBIGH BOROUGH.	
Smith	177	Mauwaring	364
BERWICK.		DERBY.	
Stapleton—L	339	Bass—L	882
Majorbanks—L	271	Beale—L	844
Gordon	269	Mackenzie	429
Forster	250	DEVIZES.	
BEVERLEY.		DEVON (SOUTH).	
Denison—L	566	Buller—C	Unopposed.
Glover—L	537	Palk—C	Unopposed.
Wells	492	DEVONPORT.	
BEDFORD.		DOVER.	
Wimington—L	Unopposed.	Osborne—L	989
BIRMINGHAM.		DROITWICH.	
Muntz—L	Unopposed.	Pakington—C	Unopposed.
Schulfield—L	Unopposed.	DUBLIN UNIVERSITY.	
BLACKBURN.		DUBLIN.	
Pilkington—L	Unopposed.	Grogan—C	3761
Hornby—C	Unopposed.	Vance—C	3702
BODMIN.		DUNDEE.	
Vivian—L	244	Ogilvy—L	1092
Wyle—L	190	Armistead	847
Michell	169	DUNELLOUGH.	
Lewis	31	DUNELLOUGH.	
BOLTON.		DUNELLOUGH.	
Gray—L	936	DUNELLOUGH.	
Crook—L	897	DUNELLOUGH.	
Barnes	834	DUNELLOUGH.	
BOSTON.		DUNELLOUGH.	
Ingram—L	Unopposed.	DUNELLOUGH.	
Adams—C	Unopposed.	DUNELLOUGH.	
BRADFORD.		DUNELLOUGH.	
Wickham—L	Unopposed.	DUNELLOUGH.	
Thompson—L	Unopposed.	DUNELLOUGH.	
BRECKENRICKSHIRE.		DUNELLOUGH.	
Bailey—C	Unopposed.	DUNELLOUGH.	
BRECKENRICK BOROUGH.		DUNELLOUGH.	
Watkins—L	Unopposed.	DUNELLOUGH.	
BRIDGENORTH.		DUNELLOUGH.	
Pritchard—L	Unopposed.	DUNELLOUGH.	
Whitmore—C	Unopposed.	DUNELLOUGH.	
BRIDGEWATER.		DUNELLOUGH.	
Tynte—L	380	DUNELLOUGH.	
Kinglake—L	301	DUNELLOUGH.	
Follet	203	DUNELLOUGH.	
BRIDPORT.		DUNELLOUGH.	
Mitchell—L	330	DUNELLOUGH.	
Hodgson—L	290	DUNELLOUGH.	
Heggate	109	DUNELLOUGH.	
BRIGHTON.		DUNELLOUGH.	
Pechell—L	2278	DUNELLOUGH.	
Coningham—L	1900	DUNELLOUGH.	
Hervey	1080	DUNELLOUGH.	
BRISTOL.		DUNELLOUGH.	
Berkeley—L	Unopposed.	DUNELLOUGH.	
BUCKINGHAMSHIRE.		DUNELLOUGH.	
Gore Langton—L	Unopposed.	DUNELLOUGH.	
BUCKINGHAM.		DUNELLOUGH.	
Disraeli—C	Unopposed.	DUNELLOUGH.	
Du Pre—C	Unopposed.	DUNELLOUGH.	
Cavendish—L	Unopposed.	DUNELLOUGH.	
BUCKINGHAM.		DUNELLOUGH.	
Verney—L	193	DUNELLOUGH.	
Hall—C	151	DUNELLOUGH.	
Cavendish	134	DUNELLOUGH.	
Box	82	DUNELLOUGH.	
BURY.		DUNELLOUGH.	
Phillips—L	561	DUNELLOUGH.	
Peel	530	DUNELLOUGH.	
BURY ST. EDMUND'S.		DUNELLOUGH.	
Jermyn—L	344	DUNELLOUGH.	
Hardcastle—L	320	DUNELLOUGH.	
Oakes	266	DUNELLOUGH.	
BUTESHIRE.		DUNELLOUGH.	
Wortley—L	Unopposed.	DUNELLOUGH.	
CALNE.		DUNELLOUGH.	
Williams—L	Unopposed.	DUNELLOUGH.	
CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY.		DUNELLOUGH.	
Wigram—C	Unopposed.	DUNELLOUGH.	
Walpole—C	Unopposed.	DUNELLOUGH.	
CAMBRIDGE.		DUNELLOUGH.	
Macanlay—C	759	DUNELLOUGH.	
Stewart—C	736	DUNELLOUGH.	
Adair	730	DUNELLOUGH.	
Hibbert	690	DUNELLOUGH.	
CANTERBURY.		DUNELLOUGH.	
Johnstone—C	817	DUNELLOUGH.	
Southville—L	759	DUNELLOUGH.	
Cooper	478	DUNELLOUGH.	
CARDIFF BOROUGH.		DUNELLOUGH.	
Stuart—L	Unopposed.	DUNELLOUGH.	
CARDIGANSHIRE.		DUNELLOUGH.	
Liaburne—C	Unopposed.	DUNELLOUGH.	
CARDIGAN BOROUGH.		DUNELLOUGH.	
Pryse—L	Unopposed.	DUNELLOUGH.	
CARLISLE.		DUNELLOUGH.	
Hodgson—C	539	DUNELLOUGH.	
Graham—L	502	DUNELLOUGH.	
Ferguson	469	DUNELLOUGH.	
CARNARVONSHIRE.		DUNELLOUGH.	
Pennant—L	Unopposed.	DUNELLOUGH.	
CARNARVON BOROUGH.		DUNELLOUGH.	
Hughes—L	Unopposed.	DUNELLOUGH.	
CAERMARTHENSHIRE.		DUNELLOUGH.	
Davies—C	Unopposed.	DUNELLOUGH.	
Jones—C	Unopposed.	DUNELLOUGH.	
CAERMARTHEN.		DUNELLOUGH.	
Morris—L	Unopposed.	DUNELLOUGH.	
CHATHAM.		DUNELLOUGH.	
Smith—C	667	DUNELLOUGH.	
Romaine	637	DUNELLOUGH.	

(The following Returns have been made since the above List was compiled.)

ABERDEEN.		KILKENNY (BOROUGH).	
Sykes—L	1035	Sullivan—L	213
Leith	849	Devereux	173
ARMAGH.		LANCASHIRE (SOUTH).	
Miller—L	175	Brown—L	Unopposed.
Bond	162	Croft—L	Unopposed.
ATHLONE.		NEW ROSS.	
Ennis—L	100	Tottenham—C	90
Handcock	50	Graves	71
CARRICKFERGUS.		NEWRY.	
Dobbs—C	560	Kirk—L	246
M'Donnough	384	Waring	231
CARLOW.		WATERFORD.	
Alexander—C	127	Blake—L	519
Ponsonby	79	Hassard—L	479
GALWAY.		WARWICKSHIRE (SOUTH).	
Dunkellin—L	643	Shirley—C	Unopposed.
O'Flaherty—L	507	King—L	Unopposed.
French	430		



AN ELECTION SCENE AT



THE TURNER PICTURES.

No. III. of the TURNER PICTURES will be published the week after next. In answer to numerous inquiries, we have to announce that it is our intention to publish proof impressions of the engravings from the Turner Pictures, printed upon a superfine toned paper, with handsome margins, and accompanied by descriptions written by George Augustus Sala. Part I., containing four engravings, price 1s., will be ready on the 1st of May.

POSTAL DISTRICT MAP OF LONDON.

(Size 2 Feet 3 Inches by 3 Feet.)

The above map will be procured of the Agents for the "Illustrated Times," but it will not be sold separately from No. 100 of the Paper. The price of which, with the Map, is 5d.; or the Map and Paper will be sent, Post free, from the Office, on the receipt of Seven Stamps.

It is necessary that FOUR Stamps be forwarded with all applications to the Publisher of the "Illustrated Times" for single copies of the paper. For two copies SEVEN Stamps will be sufficient.

ILLUSTRATED TIMES.

SATURDAY, APRIL 4, 1857.

BUNKUM TRIUMPHANT.

THE elections are now over, and the press is properly occupied in reviewing the result. On the one side, the supporters of Palmerston against the universe—the "Times," the "Morning Post," the "Globe," and their provincial followers—display their rejoicings in language which would be not the less decent if it were better considered or more patriotic. On the other hand, the opponents of the Palmerstonian war exhibit (so far as their sentiments are at present revealed to us) a disposition to believe the China cry has exercised little influence over the elections; which have been governed in the most notable instances by local feeling and ambition. For our own part, we believe, with the one set, that the returns—brilliant as they are!—have been influenced by Bunkum, and are sorely humiliated in that belief. At the same time, we think, with the other set, that many tried servants of the nation, men of present fame and of future promise, have been beaten or ousted by persons whose appointed mission was the vestry, whose path was in the parish; but then we hold that these gentlemen could never have passed to conquest had not the most brazen blast of Palmerston gone before them. When, with a sham condolence which we will accept for irony, the British-Lion party point to Cobden, Bright, Gibson, Layard, Cardwell, Fox, the two Phillimores, and other men of parts, fallen under the judgments of the First Lord—of the Treasury; when we hear them shouting in short-sighted triumph that "the League has disappeared from Parliament," we admit the fact, with all its melancholy, and in all its iniquity. Since Lord Palmerston's supporters take it as a favour, why should we not permit them the unquestioned enjoyment of a victory which costs the councils of the country some of its brightest intellects, some of its most independent and courageous minds? So far as we are concerned, they are heartily welcome to the distinction; we will go further: we are content to grant that in the seats of these good men they have installed others destitute alike of intellect, independence, and courage—if that will add to the satisfaction of the triumphant party, as we suppose it naturally must.

The degree of exultation, not to say of inspiration, which the result of the elections has infused into the winning ones, is quite extraordinary. It amounts even to jocularly, while at the same time it passes into innocence, and ends in hallucination. We find one most respectable "organ," seized with humour, describing Mr. Cobden as "that meek dove, with the olive branch in his mouth," who "can find no resting place for his feet;" which is not on the whole surprising, considering the watery waste into which political England is at this moment converted. Another most respectable journal, after recording the discomfiture of some of England's best men, as if it were only a natural dispensation of Providence under the circumstances, speaks with an air of chastened unquestioning humility of "two remarkable casualties" on the other side. Admiral Berkeley and Mr. Frederick Peel, not only supporters of the Government, but actually of the Government themselves, have gone to the wall! What charming innocence, fresh as from the Catechism, or even from that earlier companion of Christian childhood, "Milk for Babies," breathes in this! The sword of eternal justice has smitten Mr. Cobden; the vials of retribution are poured out on Messrs. Bright, Fox, Clay, Cardwell, Layard, Miall, Phillimore, Chambers—but Peel, F., and the First Naval Lord perish also! Strange dispensation. Yet such is life!

Another most unfortunate occurrence is to be explained. Lord John Russell, a chief among the Philistines, is elected for London. But then "Lord John Russell owes his return partly to the Tories and partly to the grateful exertions of the community whose political rights he has advocated with so much perseverance and so little success, but whose claims cannot be again postponed after the reiterated decision of the constituency in their favour." In other words, having accused the true-born Englishman, having questioned the infallibility of the idol of that Tartar, not Lord John's talents, his experience, his many services to the State could have saved him, but for the interposition of the Jews and the equally disreputable Tories.

So far the humour and the innocence of the Van Amburghs who ride the British Lion. The hallucinations with which they surround themselves, (if indeed it be not all Bunkum again), are equally remarkable. The Emperor of China, we are told, "with knowledge of all the facts connected with the recent dispute at Canton, will not, and cannot, endorse the views of those Noble Lords and Honourable Gentlemen to whom Mr. Dancombe at Finsbury applied the very appropriate designation of 'British Yehites.'" The electric telegraph does not give us all this information, as may be conceived; it is doubtful, in fact, whether the Emperor of China ever heard the name of the Honourable Member for Finsbury—with whom we have no quarrel. But that is how the "Morning Post" retails the news. In reality it amounts to this: that the Emperor has ordered Yeh to obtain peace on any terms. That the Emperor had knowledge of all the circumstances of the case is not stated; nor, if one half the opprobrium heaped on Yeh's head be true, if his conduct has really been so shocking, is it at all probable that the Governor gave the Emperor a very accurate report? Either way, however—whether Yeh, being a villain, disguised his crimes, or being in the right, reported truly—what is the natural interpretation of the Emperor's submission? The "Morning Post," the more potent "Times," and other journals, tell us it results from a conviction that the majority which in the House of Commons censured the bombardment of Canton acted in an improper spirit. "Conscience and law have asserted their supremacy in the heart of a Tartar potentate," and "the Emperor of China agrees with the British Plenipotentiary and her Majesty's Government as to the conduct of Commissioner Yeh and the Cantonese." If this is not hallucination, it must be humbug: there's no alternative. For "supremacy of conscience and law," read "dread of bombshells and the conquerors of India," for agreement with her Majesty's Government, substitute the rebellion which threatens the throne of China, and we have very sufficient reasons for the decision of the Tartar potentate: and this, too, without reference to virtues which we were previously informed are unknown in his empire.

If, however, the Emperor of China be really so open to the dictates of law and conscience, the censure of the House of Commons was most righteous: the case of the "coalition" is proved. The Government may justify the attack on Canton on the ground that the Chinese are treacherous, ignorant, and impervious to all argument short of devastation; but what becomes of this justification if the Emperor is shown to be a man ruled by law and conscience? If he disavows the acts of his commissioner now, while his subjects rage for vengeance after the punishment inflicted at Canton, he would have disavowed them had only a peaceful remonstrance been offered. However, we feel the utter hopelessness of endeavouring to impress these arguments upon those who seize the facts—with any others that come in their way—and stubbornly torture them to the glorification of the Premier. We must leave truth to time, and inebriate to returning sobriety.

Meanwhile, we conclude this article, as we began it, with an expression of deep humiliation at the result of the election contests, and of indignation at the means by which it has been brought about. For the rest, we shall see what will be accomplished by a Parliament destitute of principles and unguided by any policy.

SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

THE CONVOCATION of the Prelates and Clergy of the Province of Canterbury, was dissolved on Tuesday week. The writs for the new Convocation are returnable on the 1st of May.

ADMIRAL SAUNDERS DUNDAS has been appointed a Lord of the Admiralty, in the room of Admiral Richards.

THE GREEN RIBAND worn by the late Earl of Fife, will, it is stated, be given to Lord Kinnaird.

TOM BARRY, a clown well known to all the metropolitan theatre frequenters, is dead. His wife is left destitute.

THE PACHA of EGYPT, during a late journey, made great reductions in taxation in some provinces; the regulations, if carried out, will be a great boon to the cultivators.

MR. MACGRIGOR, late M.P. for Glasgow, is said to be in very distressed circumstances. A subscription is talked of.

THE EXPENSE of the LATE PARLIAMENT, for the year ended the 31st of March last, was £162,230, of which the Speaker's salary was £6,000. The salaries, &c., of the officers of both Houses, £81,276; and the printing of the two Houses, £75,954.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE is to be re-decorated previous to its opening this season.

M. ALEXANDRE DUMAS has visited England to take notes of the English elections. The result of his observations is to be published in a series of letters (which are already commenced), in the "Presse."

THE CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER, it is said, intended to purchase the Soules Collection; but the rumour upon the Miscellaneous Estimates caused him to strike out the item. What the Chancellor was afraid to buy has been purchased by some Manchester gentlemen for the Art Treasures Exhibition. When that is over, the collection will be again in the market; Manchester will have the first refusal, her Majesty's Government the second.

OF THE £10,000 required for erecting the tower of new Doncaster Church, £8,000 has been already subscribed, and the work will be immediately commenced.

AT THE PRESIDENT'S LEVEE at Washington, a fortnight ago, Colonel Lee, a Government clerk, accused Mr. Hume, a merchant, of picking his pocket. Subsequently, Mr. Hume waited on Colonel Lee to expostulate; Lee persisted that Hume had attempted to steal his pocket-book; Hume then struck his accuser with a stick, and Lee instantly shot him dead.

THE CARDINAL ARCHBISHOP of VIENNA recently made a fruitless attempt to introduce the Jesuits into the suburbs of Alsace and Roussau. The rectors of these suburbs refused to permit the followers of Loyola to preach in their churches, "because their parishioners were not so desperately wicked as to require such violent language as the Jesuit missionaries were in the habit of addressing to their audiences."

WHEN THE GRAND DUKE CONSTANTINE was at Geneva, he was introduced to Prince Alfred of England, at the Grand Duchess Anna Feodorovna's.

SIR JOHN McNEILL, in consequence of the recent vote of the House of Commons, is to be made a member of the Privy Council; having chosen that honour out of two placed in his option. Colonel Tulloch, we hear, is made, or to be made, a Civil K.C.B.

THE RUSSIAN AMBASSADOR has renewed those hospitalities at the Embassy in Chesham Place, which the war so rudely interrupted.

CAPTAIN BRADSHAW, the commander of the Madrid, which was lost on the coast of Spain, has been dismissed from the Peninsular and Oriental Company's service.

THE FOUR BROTHERS of ABD-EL-KADER have left Marseilles for the East.

M. COLIGNON, a French engineer, has been appointed to construct the Russian railways; he is preparing to leave France for St. Petersburg.

LORD COWLEY, her Majesty's Ambassador at Paris, is to be raised to an earldom by the style and title of Earl Cowley, in consideration of his eminent public services.

AN EGYPTIAN MUMMY, according to advertisement in due form, was to be sold by auction at Southampton yesterday (Friday). It has been lying among other unclaimed articles at the Southampton Docks, having been detained to defray certain dock charges.

THE BAN JELLSCHKE has so fallen away in health that he is but the shadow of his former self.

VISCOUNT EYRESLEY has bought a mansion in Eaton Place, late the residence of Lord Stafford.

THE PRINCES of Oude have arrived on a visit to Birmingham. They were received by the Mayor and other municipal authorities. They were present at a dinner given by his Worship on Tuesday. The object of the visit is to inspect the principal manufactures in the town and district.

THE BODY of a COLLIER NAMED LAMBERT, has been found in the river Don, near Conisburgh. He disappeared in January last, and was last seen quarrelling with some men in a public-house near the Don. The body bears some marks of violence; several of the front teeth are missing.

A PARLIAMENTARY RETURN, recently issued, gives the statistics of flogging in the army in the years 1854 and 1855. It appears that the number of persons flogged in 1854 was 42, and the number of lashes 1,125. In 1855, 44 persons were flogged, and 576 lashes inflicted.

THE TOTAL AMOUNT collected by M. Daniel Manin at Paris, and forwarded by him in aid of the subscription for the 100 guns of Alexandria, is 7,000*fr.*

THE RUSSIAN VICE-ADMIRAL PULIALINE, who was lately in France, where he inspected the Russian squadron in the roadstead of Cherbourg, has since returned home. It is thought that his journey is connected with the present state of affairs in China, and that the admiral will probably go to that part of the world.

THE AMERICAN ENGINEER employed by the Russian Government to raise the ships sunk in the harbour of Sebastopol, expects to get up forty of the number whole; the rest he will blow to pieces. By the terms of the contract, the engineer is to be paid half the value of the vessels raised.

A BRANCH of the DELHI BANK has recently been opened in Kurrachee.

THE NEW TFA DUTY will take effect on Monday next, by the Act of last Session for the then current year. The duty imposed is 1s. 5*d.* per pound.

A GREATER number of messages passed through the electric wires on Saturday than on any previous occasion. Upwards of 3,000 messages arrived at Louthbury and the Strand Stations, and at every country office the pressure of despatches was extraordinary.

LONGWOOD, the residence of Napoleon at St. Helena, has been given up to the French Government. It is to be repaired and kept in good condition by a conservator appointed from the old French army. A funeral chapel is to be built on the site of the dilapidated building in which the great man died.

A LIFE BOAT, constructed on a new principle, and intended as a present to the Republican Government of Chili, for services rendered to British seamen, has been completed, and will be forwarded to her destination by a merchant vessel.

A SERIOUS ACCIDENT occurred on the Cuckernouth Railway, to a special train despatched immediately after the proceedings at the Cumberland County election. The engine ran off the line, and was nearly precipitated into the river Derwent. Mr. Mason, the secretary, and the stoker, were dangerously hurt.

A MOUNTAIN of MARBLE, as it is described, has been found near Paris. Several varieties have already been quarried from it, viz., St. Anne, rouge royale, petit antique, black granite, Grispré, and Brèche. The property has recently changed hands for a trifle more than its mere agricultural value—its real value is almost past computation.

THE LOUNGER AT THE CLUBS.

THE humours of the elections, which afforded such a fertile field of fun in former days to scribblers and caricaturists, have apparently died out, except, perhaps, at Kidderminster, where the exquisite joke of attempting to murder the successful candidate has been carried out with that appreciation of the humorous which distinguishes provincial "roughs." The only facetious placards I have heard of were in Lambeth, where the public was requested to "vote for Wiscount Williams, the friend of the haristocracy;" and at Norwich, the three candidates for which place were Mr. Schneider, Lord Bury, and Sir S. Bignold. The two former being successful, at the close of the poll appeared a large placard with a deep mourning border, bearing the words "Schneider Bury'd Bignold."

"Philip of Spain," as Mr. Philip, the well-known painter of Spanish subjects, is familiarly called, has with him this year for *compagnon de voyage*, Mr. Ansdell, the celebrated animal painter, the fruits of whose industry have already arrived in England in the shape of several pictures, two of which are over seven feet in length!

The situation of Examiner of Plays, which was rendered vacant by the death of Mr. J. M. Kemble, has been filled up by the appointment of Bodham Donne, who has been acting as examiner for several years past, owing to the illness of Mr. Kemble. Mr. Donne is well known in the literary world as the librarian of the London Library, St. James's Square.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

THE MAGAZINES.

THE English people, who love and reverence the name of Charles Dickens with that warmth of feeling which it deserves, will read with the greatest attention an article in this month's "Blackwood," called "A Remonstrance with Dickens," and I should imagine, will to a man concur in the view taken by the clever, kindly-hearted, spirited critic, I, who glory in being a Dickens worshipper, can scarcely find a line throughout the whole remonstrance that I could wish expunged, so heartily, generously, candidly—so well, is it done. The writer—after a capital preamble explanatory of his early admiration for "Pickwick," and the power which that wonderful book had over him—enters into a rapid review of Mr. Dickens's since published works, comparing the comic power manifested in them all with that first brought to light in the first-born of the author's brain, and dissecting their aims and intents, truths and fallacies. The salient points of each are at once hit upon, and, as Mrs. Gamp observes, full "credit's given where credit's due," and the remonstrance is directed, not so much against a supposed falling-off of ability or a used-up brain, as against that fatal writing-for-a-purpose which has clogged the pen of the most naturally-gifted man of the time. The writer grieves that for years past Mr. Dickens has evinced more and more his tendency to abandon his strong point as a humourist and a comic author, and to base his pretensions on utterly false and unstable grounds; and while it is cheerfully allowed that, as a humourist, Dickens is preferable to all other living men, it is argued that in his new ground, as moralist, politician, philosopher, and ultra-philanthropist, his shortcomings are lamentably manifest. With the greatest truth it is stated, that as formerly his impulses came from within, so now he writes by inspiration from without—i.e., by endeavouring to please various friends, each of whom has some absurd crochets to be gratified. "Little Dorrit" is criticised with the utmost severity, but with the greatest truth. Mr. Gilfil's Love Story, of which we have the second instalment, though containing many happy descriptions both of character and scenery, lacks interest, and is becoming rather wire-drawn. The same fault was shown by the author in his little history of Amos Barton. He is evidently a keen observer, and endowed with a great sense of the ridiculous; but he lacks the power of weaving a skilful and complicated plot, which, it is needless to say, is a great essential in such writing. There are also in this month's "Blackwood," a pleasant paper, written with much healthy English feeling, called "Afoot;" an article called "Botany and Brigands in Greece," founded on Edmund About's *Roi des Montagnes*; and a ridiculous political caricature, or pantomime, written in verse, and entitled, "All-Fool's Day."

A good number of "Frazer," pleasant and gossiping, and yet containing no particularly brilliant article. The paper that will be read with most interest by literary men will undoubtedly be that on "Literary Style," the second and concluding part of which is given this month. The writer has not much good to say of any one; he has used up his benevolence, and now gives his anger full play. The first person to feel the weight of his arm is Mr. Carlyle (than whom there are few better able to bear attack), and many quotations are given from the "Latter-Day Pamphlets." One of them, descriptive of modern literature, is worth extracting:—

"Canaille of all the loud-sounding levities, and general winnowings of chaos marching through the world in a most ominous manner; proclaiming, audibly, if you have ears:—'Twelfth hour of the night; ancient graves yawning; pale, clammy Puseyisms screeching in their winding sheets; owls busy in the city regions; many goblins abroad! Awake ye living; dream no more! Arise to judgment; Chaos and Gehenna are broken loose; the Devil with his Bedlams must be flung in chains again; and the Last of the Days is about to dawn!'"

The intelligent foreigner who might come across this passage would doubtless take some little time ere he comprehended its meaning. Mr. Emerson, and a Mr. Whitman, an American, are also roughly handled by the critic; but he is more tender with De Quincey (as who could fail to be?) and with Ruskin. Some splendid extracts are given from the latter's "Modern Painters," and warmly praised, more especially that pet bit with all the Ruskinites, the description of the ruined tower of Calais Church. The article concludes with a strong tirade against the ungrammatical style and the ridiculous expletives of Colonel Mundy, and the author of a book called "Paterfamilias' Tour," which, as few people have heard of, was scarcely worth being made a butt for the reviewer's shaft. There is a capital paper upon the Raven, not dully ornithological, but chatty, and ornamented with poetical quotations and rich, racy anecdotes connected with this quaintest of birds. Even Mr. Dickens, who I believe knows more about ravens than anybody else, will most likely read with astonishment the account of the vocal powers of this bird, which has between sixty and a hundred tones in his voice—a bass, a tenor, and a counter-tenor. Shakespeare, Byron, Coleridge, Chatterton, and Gilbert White have all devoted lines and stanzas to the Raven's peculiarities; but it is in the wondrous verse of Edgar Poe, that the "flirt and flutter" of the "stately raven" has been most naturally described, and never will the bird be mentioned without recalling the poet's name.

The article on "Siam and the Siamese," though a very clever essence of Sir John Bowring and Captain Osborne's volumes, will not require further notice here, as the subject has been so recently treated in these columns. There is a very good story called the "Laird's Seam," the Scotch of which is rather too strong, without the aid of a glossary, for English comprehension, and an instructive description of a six months' passed in Kertch. Mr. White Melville's tale, the "Interpreter," is continued with spirit.

I do not think I am in error when I say that the new number of the "Train" is the best that has appeared. For the first few months of its existence, there was a *tonjours perdrix* smack about the magazine which grew annoying; all the articles were smart, and light, and funny; but the publication evidently wanted ballast. This want has now been supplied, first by Mr. Draper's admirable biographical article; and secondly by the insertion of papers of a critical character, an excellent specimen of which, on "Edgar Poe," by Mr. Moy Thomas, commences the April number. Mr. Thomas defends Poe's memory from Griswold's attacks most energetically and skilfully. A new series of biographical papers, entitled "Men of Mark," are also commenced this month, the first example given being Mr. W. H. Russell, the "Times" Crimean correspondent, of whom we have an excellent portrait by Bennett, after a photograph by Herbert Watkins. The biographical sketch is by Mr. Edmund Yates. Mr. Hollingshead, who possesses an overweening sense of the ludicrous, contributes a very funny sketch, called "A Dramatic Collaborateur." Mr. William Brough has a good domestic story; Mr. Lewis Carroll and Mr. Godfrey Turner some pretty and quaint verses; and Mr. Palgrave Simpson the second and concluding portion of his tale "S.S.V.P.," in which the mysterious adventures originally related are doubly "piled up," and at length happily explained. The illustrations by Messrs. McConnell and Bennett are excellent. I must

MESSRS. DICKINSON'S EXHIBITION OF PHOTOGRAPHIC DRAWINGS, ETC.

"STEAM is in its infancy!" is the parrot cry of the know-all, know-nothing, as he sees an express train whirl by at the rate of sixty miles an hour. That "Photography" is also "in its infancy," we have heard from sundry wise men of Gotham, who, being old themselves, will never admit even the approach to adolescence in others.

If photography be indeed in its infancy, it must be as an Infant Hercules strangling, in its sun-lighted cradle, the serpents of Mediocrity and Bad Taste; it must be regarded as a young Sampson, a young Fingal (who, it will be remembered, as a baby was made bigger than the biggest Irish giant), a juvenile Hailes or Harrison. Such, at least, was the view we took of Photography on visiting the surprisingly-beautiful exhibition of drawings, portraits, and other works of art, now on view at the Gallery of the Messrs. Dickinson, 114, New Bond Street.

The distinguishing characteristic of the Exhibition consists in the circumstance of photography forming the basis of all the pictures, from miniature to life-size; the former being photographs skilfully coloured from the life; the latter being enlarged from photographs, with the advantage of one or two short sittings for the colouring. The value of portraits taken on this principle must be incontestable; the personal characteristics of each individual being expressed to the life by the aid of photography, while the defects of the scientific process are remedied by the pencil of the artist.

The collection forms a perfect galaxy of portraits of distinguished personages. 38 is a striking likeness of Lord Aberdeen. In 130 and 144 we have two magnificent photograph portraits of the Duke and Duchess of Atholl, remarkable, not only for their truthfulness as likenesses, and for their artistic finish, but for the unprecedented dimensions, for photographs, on which Messrs. Dickinson have been enabled to execute them. These portraits are more than three feet in height. A great fact this in the "infancy of photography!"

There is a noble life-size portrait in oil of Lord Gough (20), and a splendidly drawn and coloured one of the brave Admiral Lord Lyons. The left arm in this portrait is quite a marvel of fore-shortening. Many old familiar faces in the political world meet us at every step. There is Lord Lyndhurst, bearing his eighty-four summers with quite a jaunty and coquettish air. There is Colonel North (an excellent portrait); and there the hero of a hundred Parliamentary divisions, the possibly wrong-headed, but certainly "plucky," Lord John Russell.

As for the portraits of ladies in the Exhibition, they are enough to drive Mr. John Leech wild with envy. For once that agile draughtsman is vanquished. Here we have no scratchy caricatures of the fair Amazons of Rotten Row, or the west cliff at Brighton; but the real, dear creatures themselves, in delightful riding habits, and cavalier-hats, and veils, and Polish-jackets, and patent leather boots, and all the *et ceteras*. Nor are there wanting a bevy of "fair women" in the Tennysonian acceptance of the term, in the legitimate skirts and flounces of the sex. "Lady Georgina Codrington and Child" (25), "Miss Haigh" (13), "Mrs. Flemming" (10), are perfect gems of beauty and expression.

The summer of 1856, spent at Blair-Atholl, gave the Messrs. Dickinson an opportunity of perpetuating some very noticeable features of that ducal residence and its aristocratic visitors. While we are so far north, too, we must not omit mention of a splendid photographic drawing of "Glamis Castle," which, apart from its interest as a tableau comprising portraits of a "select circle" of noble dames and cavaliers, is, as a drawing alone, worthy to rank with efforts in the happiest vein of Cattermole and Haghe.

In conclusion, we have only space to allude to a beautifully-finished miniature of the Duchess of Beaufort, taken by Messrs. Dickinson's new process of photography on ivory. Nothing can excel the sweetness, ten-



JAMES TUNNICLIFFE, THE WITCH DOCTOR.
(FROM A SKETCH MADE AT HIS TRIAL.—SEE PAGE 195, NO. 101.)

derness, and mellowness, both of colour and expression, in this highly finished work of art. Those of our readers who are curious about the outward and visible semblance of the great ones of this earth, as well as those who are anxious to mark the progress made in a most beautiful and seductive art, should lose no time in visiting the exhibition now opened to public inspection by Messrs. Dickinson.

MR. BURFORD'S PANORAMA OF MOSCOW

MR. BURFORD'S Panoramas have become a National Institution with us. Even as "Punch" is the sarcasm, and the "Times" in its leaders and correspondence is the literary, and (we hope) the "Illustrated Times" is the graphic, exponent of and commentator on each famous event in the daily history of the great world—be it battle, or siege, or coronation, or exhibition, or Royal marriage, or Imperial visit—so has Mr. Burford been elected, *nemini contradicente*, to be the pictorial and panoramic interpreter of the moving accidents by flood and field, which in these high-

pressure days succeed each other with express-train rapidity. Mr. Burton and Selous too, with the daily increasing band of artists who follow in their wake, have a large claim to the public gratitude as authors of the "Royal Road to Geography." They have superseded dry and tedious drier books of travel, and the "use of the globes," almost, by the wonderful picture-lessons which their panoramas afford. How many of our miles may we not travel, what accurate impressions may we not of foreign lands, scenery, costumes, people, manners and customs, gain by a visit to Leicester Square, without the worry of passports, the trouble of luggage, the pecuniary difficulties of circular notes, without a chance either from climate, or robbers, or hotel-keepers, or travelling companions, of travelling horses!

We have been favoured with a considerable amount of literature, of Russia, lately from the pens of certain scribes by the names of R. Murphy, Oliphant, and Sala, and one wondrous fragment of M. de... experience, *vide* *note*, from Sir Robert Peel. But these... have been but letter-press ones; and our pictorial notions, as yet, of the cities of the Czar as they are have been limited to blank... In the nick of time Mr. Burford, having just previously... Petersburg, now adds to his course of geographical lectures in Leicester Square a magnificent view of the city of Moscow, with the entry of Emperor Alexander the Second into the Kremlin. The private view of this striking performance took place last Wednesday; and we are... to record our opinion, that not only is the panorama of Moscow worthy of considerable eulogy as a work of art, but that it may be regarded as a... speak from personal experience of the localities as a most... script—an admirably counterfeited presentment, in short—of the actual capital of the Russian empire.

The view is taken from an elevation above the Esplanade of the Kremlin, and a tableau is presented with which no view of any capital in the world can vie for variety and beauty. Stretching before us we find samples of the architecture of all the nations of the globe: fantastic Chinese, massive Greek, bizarre Byzantine, slender Saracenic, graceful Grecian, strangely mixed with private dwellings, modern and elegant in form as those of Paris or London, while from a vast mosaic of green and red housetops, spring a dazzling profusion of gold and silver and star-spangled and parti-coloured domes. You must remember, reader, that each one of the five hundred churches of Moscow has at least five, and in many cases has twenty, domes or cupolas. Then there are delicate green spires, strangely shaped towers of fortification, like convents and monasteries; airy turrets, finely relieved by, and mixed with, the majestic trees of the genial boulevards, gardens, and squares; and enlivened by the silvery, thready line of the Moskva river.

The immediate foreground of the picture, looking north, is occupied by the glittering procession accompanying the Emperor into the Kremlin, half-grotesque fortress-palace or palace-fortress of his ancestors. The long serpentine line of which is seen undulating from *Spass Vorota*, or Sacred Gate, to the *Balschoi Plochad*, or Grand Square, of the palace. On the platform formed by the highest ground, we see the three cathedrals of the Kremlin, the famous Bell, the two vast imperial Palaces, the tower of Ivan Veliki, the Treasury, the Arsenal, the two Monasteries, and the long expanse of the Kremlin walls, with their castellated gates.

The picture is most vigorously and effectively painted, showing, moreover, in very many instances, signs of elaborate labour, and attention to artistic detail. The aspect of a scene at once so splendid and so novel, elicited expressions of unmixt admiration and pleasure from a select assembly; and we do not think we shall be wrong in presaging for the Panorama of Moscow, now that it is open to the public at large, a continuous and extensive popularity.

The picture, we are informed, emanates from the twin pencils of Mr. Robert Burford and Mr. Henry C. Selous; and the basis for their artistic process has been found in drawings taken on the spot by a Russian artist.



THE SICK BOY.—FROM A PAINTING BY T. ROBERTS IN THE EXHIBITION OF THE SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS.—SEE PAGE 203, NO. 101.)

THE BADDINGTON PEERAGE.

BEING THE LIVES OF THEIR LORDSHIPS.

A STORY OF THE BEST AND THE WORST SOCIETY.

BY GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA

AUTHOR OF "A JOURNEY DUE NORTH."

(Continued from Page 206.)

CHAPTER THE FIFTH.

INTRODUCES A GENTLEMAN IN DIFFICULTIES.

JOHN POLLYBLANK, of the Borough of Southwark, Esquire, by courtesy called Captain Pollyblank, but commonly, and among his friends and acquaintances, known as Jack Pollyblank, condescended, at about nine o'clock on the very same evening on which this veracious history opened, to enter the tap-parlour or coffee-room (there was but one room for the "sitting-down" customers, so either name will serve) of the "Blue Pump" tavern in Gravel Lane, hard by Hatters' Hall, Southwark, and there to order of Dick, the unclean but indefatigable waiter, a pint of London porter.

"In the which," Mr. Pollyblank, who affected precision in his diction; "in the which, Richard, you may, the weather being chilly (having previously warned it on the hob, mind, not in that tin foolscap of yours) place a dash of ginger and twopennyworth of Old Tom."

Perfectly definite as were the nature of Mr. Pollyblank's instructions, they did not appear entirely lucid to Dick the waiter, who stood scratching his head and grinning doubtfully, till the expectant guest threw out a mild suggestion that "Sharp was the word!"

But sharp, though an excellent word, did not appear to be the word in this instance—the key to the enigma or the beer-piston of the "Blue Pump."

"Is it trust or pay, Cap'en?" Dick asked hesitatingly.

"Fellow!" the gentleman addressed as "Cap'en" indignantly retorted; when, appearing to recollect himself, he added, "why, Dick, it must stand over—only till to-morrow, Dick!"

This explanation did not seem by any means satisfactory to the attendant on the "Blue Pump's" parlour customers, who, with a very ill-boding shake of the head, and a muttered remark that he "must ask mas'r," left the room, slamming the door viciously behind him.

"A bad waiter that!" was Captain Pollyblank's observation on the disappearance of Richard; "a sulky dog! perhaps the worst waiter in the most particularly infamous tavern hereabouts. Their beer, too, is villanous, and as to their gin, it reminds me that there was once a fox who was passionately fond of the ruby-like fruit that cluster 'midst the trailing vines. Heigho! heigho!"

Upon which the Captain fell into a fit of head-shaking, boding much more evil, either for his chances of obtaining the refreshment he had ordered, or for himself, or for society and the world generally. He then proceeded to seat himself on the edge of the one Pembroke table, and to disengage his neck of a red worsted shawl, so long and so attenuated that he looked like a human cocoon who had had a surfeit of mulberry leaves, and was unwinding himself to be able to breathe freely.

When he was thoroughly unwound, and his face and figure were visible, it must be admitted that Captain Pollyblank's personal appearance was little, if at all, improved thereby. To be truthful too, it must be confessed that he did not look in the least like a Captain. There are, I know, Captains and Captains. One may be a Captain-General and Grandee of Spain, or a Captain in the Life Guards Blue, a Captain in a marching regiment, of a seventy-four gun ship, of the main-top, of a penny steam-boat, of a coal pit, or of a gang of banditti. There is even the most dubious Captain of all—the "Copper Captain" the Pistol of private life. Well, even he has certain generic and typical traits: a braided surtout, brass spurs, bushy moustache, a half-military, half-jail-bird swagger, tight-strapped trousers, hat on one side, cane with a tassel, some semi-martial characteristic of costume or demeanour. But Captain Pollyblank had none of these. He was a very fat, white-faced young man, with a vast quantity of coarse black hair on his head, combed several ways, and rebelling each separate hair against the other; but neither whiskers nor moustaches. His face, cutaneously viewed, was slightly scorbutic; he had an ugly gash in the place where his mouth ought to have been; his nose appeared to have been originally intended by nature for an unpretending and retiring snub, but in some fit of passionate caprice, as it seemed, had been violently wrenched into a swollen and protuberant, though still snubiform, condition. I am glad Phenology was not so much talked about twenty-seven years since as now; else Mr. Donovan would have augured rather dismally for Captain Pollyblank's career, in consideration of the lowness of his forehead and the peculiar bulginess and bumpiness of the back of his neck. He had somewhat high cheek-bones, and somewhat watery eyes; and—which was rather ghastly to look at—his eyelashes were, if not altogether absent, as few and far between as angels' visits are said to be. With reference to Mr. Pollyblank's attire, I can only say that it was strictly in accordance with the latest Engravings of the Fashions, allowing such an engraving to be torn, soiled, and flyblown, and hung up in a rag-shop in Petticoat Lane, instead of an aristocratic tailor's in Bond Street. As to the colour and general condition of the Captain's garments, both might decidedly have been better, though neither could by any possibility have been worse. So desperate altogether was the Captain's costume that his only safeguard against being "smuggled" for a Guy, or carried off bodily for a Scarecrow, seemed to be in his neck-shawl, which was so long, so red, and so loudly and defiantly vivid in its redness, that it dazed the eyes, and carried off general attention from the woeful case of the rest of the Pollyblankian entity, and led some unthinking ones to surmise that the Captain was next door to a Beau, when the philosophically-inclined had satisfied themselves that he was in reality next door to a Beggar.

When Captain Pollyblank had quite unwound his shawl, he stuffed it violently into a very limp-brimmed hat, and stirring the fire with a thick ash stick he carried, soliloquising meanwhile.

"Coals cost nothing when you don't pay for them," was his philosophical observation. "Though stony-hearted landlords may refuse beer, and take away pokers, ash seasoned in the fire will stir; so let us poke, warm, and be merry, for to-morrow we starve."

He desisted from knocking the coals about for a moment, and inclined his ear as if to listen for the advent of the waiter with the beer and et ceteras. But it was a false alarm, and sighing, he began to soliloquise again.

"That beast licensed to victual and insult gentlemen," he said, "no doubt egged on by yonder fiend in potboy shape, will, of course, pleading some ridiculous three-and-ninence on the slate, refuse me further credit. Of course, Jack Pollyblank being penniless, none of the boys—Tinctop, Skapple, Pessel—none of the convivial St. Lazarus' brethren, will be here to meet him. Just so. Of course."

There was no gas in the room; none in the house, I believe, then. But the fire burned with a deep red glow, and the room would have been comfortable enough with a pipe, or a tankard or so.

"Upon my word, Jack Pollyblank," the Captain exclaimed, finding out perchance an image of himself in the face-teeming fire, and moodily punching it with his stick; "upon my word you're in for it!"

"This is the result," he resumed, "of the large sums spent by your parents on your medical education, and of the immense amount of clinical knowledge you never acquired. For this have you seen life, spent your own patrimony, and helped to spend that of several devoted friends. For this have you been to India's spicy climes, once, nay thrice; surgeon's mate in an Indian. For this have you learned to play every game on the board; to be unequalled at skittles, to have no peer at the charming game of bagatelle. For this, to be refused trust for thruppence in the pot-room of an alehouse!"

He said "thruppence," as if in defiance to the education of which he was vaunting himself, and then began to walk up and down with his hands in his pockets, to the imminent peril of the seams of those garments themselves.

"Of friends," he went on, "who'll give me the social glass, say half-a-dozen; of friends who'd give me a crust of bread to keep me from starving, or a nail towards my coffin when I was starved and dead, not one—not one. Of clothes just what I have on me; and these—and, yes to be sure, I still have it—This!"

He took These from his waistcoat-pocket, and as he fingered them, looked half vengefully, half contemptuously, at a little square pile of pawnbroker's duplicates, the handwriting almost faded, cracked and limp with long wear, grimy and soiled with pocket fluff.

"Query," he continued, "when the interest exceeds the value of the articles pledged, is it much good redeeming said articles?"

He then took THIS, not hastily, but very slowly and cautiously, and almost fearfully, from a breast-pocket. This was wrapped up in an old

"Hallo," he cried, starting up as the door opened. "That's either Dick with the beer, or Dick without it, or a customer. Wrong again. Now for the Blue Pump."

It was, indeed, the Blue Pump, in the person of Mr. Meggot, its landlord, and not its waiter, who entered the room, and, to the intense astonishment of Captain Pollyblank, with the nearest approach to a bow that he could command; and, which was far more important, with a steaming tankard of purl, and two clean pipes, and a screw of tobacco.



CAPTAIN POLLYBLANK'S MIDDLE-AGED FRIEND PURCHASES THE SERPENT BRACELET.—(Drawn by Phiz.)

pocket-handkerchief, and again in several envelopes of such soft, gray paper as the Nuremberg chapmen used to wrap their toys up in. Then he held THIS to the red fire light, having previously opened the dark morocco jewel-case, lined with white satin, which held it; in the midst of which this, a bracelet of just half-a-dozen curious-looking, semi-transparent blackish-blue or bluish-black beads, lay coiled up like a shining little Serpent.

"Here, safe enough," the Captain said gloomily, bending his head over the case. "This is the right place with the right man to take it off my hands, would make Jack Pollyblank's fortune. Where is that queer fellow I had the famous drinking bout with here, I wonder. But what's the good of asking? He was drunk—I know I was—and never meant it when he said he would give me twenty pounds for it. I gave him my address. He promised to call. He didn't. Of course not. To-morrow I shan't have any address to give. Meanwhile who'd give me anything for this bauble? I don't believe I could raise fourpence on it. Fourpence? not the price of a pint even. Who'd believe me when I said that I came from India, that I was the young man and the old man's best companion? There isn't a pin's-

"I'm sure, Cap'en," the Blue Pump said apologetically to his amazed customer, "I'm very sorry that yare gopus shouldn't for have rightly understood your horder. 'Ere is the stuff, Cap'en, and welcome."

"The cash," Captain Pollyblank stammered, for he was quite taken off his guard by this unforeseen attendance to his wishes, "will be right to-morrow. It will be righteous. I may say, Meggot, that it will be as right as ninepence." So saying, he extended one hand for the tankard and another for the pipe, and trembled with emotion; for liquor and tobacco were as milk and honey to the soul of Jack Pollyblank, yet not quite certain lest Meggot should be tantalising him, and at last withdraw the coveted purl and birdseye.

"Right or wrong," the Pump answered, "it's all one to Sim Meggot, licensed to be drunk on the premises. It's settled."

"You don't mean to say that you're going to stand it, Sim?" asked the Captain, thinking that the Blue Pump had either come into a fortune or gone out of his mind.

"I mean to say," was the reply, "that it's paid for; by a gent as wos 'ere five minutes ago, come out of a 'ackney coach, hasked if you wos 'ere



GERVASE FALCON FALLS FORWARD ON HIS FACE DEAD.—(Drawn by Phiz.)

worth of gold and silver about it. However, it may be useful to you, someday, Jack, my boy, and sooa too."

This reflection, with regard to the ultimate utility of the bracelet, seemed to impart far less comfort than tribulation to Jack, his boy, who, wrapping up and replacing this in his breast-pocket, set his teeth, and leaning his elbows on his hands, his chin on his palms, and twining his fingers in his hair, scrooped his chair along the ground in a most broken-spirited manner, and gave vent to a sound which began like a whistle and ended like a groan.

Hasked wot you wos 'avin, said he'd be back directly, and o's 'ere now this blessed minit waitin' for to come in."

"In with him, Sim," Pollyblank said hastily and delightedly, and clapping his hand to his breast-pocket as he spoke. "By Jove!" he muttered aside, as the landlord left the room, "it's that queer fish. Now for business."

A gentleman, stout and of the middle height, swathed from head to foot in an ample cloak, whose collar came far above his ears and almost entirely concealed his face—in the which there was nothing, believe me, very

noticeable or mysterious, for the November night was raw and foggy, and in 1830, paletots and talmas were not, and cloaks of the Spanish fashion were very generally worn—a gentleman answering to this description entered the room as the Blue Pump left it, and whispering to that licensed victualler as he passed him—who bowed obsequiously, and retiring, closed the door carefully after him—came up to the red fire, and sat down over against Jack Pollyblank.

"Do you know me again?" he asked, unclasping the collar of his cloak, and showing a portly, handsome, middle-aged face, with hair just shot with gray: "Mr.—but I forget your name."

"Know you?" Jack Pollyblank answered; "I should rather think I did, Mr.—. But, by Jove, I've forgotten your name too. Never knew it either," he added, mentally.

"There, it does not much matter," his interlocutor broke in. "I have not called on you before now, for Reasons. To-night, for Reasons too, I came. The people where you live told me, with an ill-grace, that I might find you here, and I have found you. You know what you promised me, what I offered you, and what I want."

"Exactly so," acquiesced Jack.

"Have you got it with you?"

"Here."

"Let me have it, then, immediately," said the middle-aged gentleman, and, curious to relate, as he spoke, red as was the glow of the fire, Jack Pollyblank observed that his face grew ashy pale.

It was not that individual's business to pry into the causes of his entertainer's discomposure. He very slowly and deliberately took the old pocket-handkerchief from his breast, unwrapped it, then removed the envelopes of soft gray paper, and discovering the morocco jewel case, just opened it to show the black, beady serpent coiled up inside, held it out to him that wore the cloak, and then extended to him his other empty palm.

"In matters of business," the business-like and imperturbable Pollyblank observed, "promptitude is everything."

His middle-aged friend had pounced upon the jewel-case, and had the head-bracelet in his hand, and was fondling it, and devouring it almost with avid eyes. He seemed not to wear the Captain's remark.

"Take care what you're about," that strange dealer in jewels said, raising his voice. "The ornament's of a brittle nature—you might break it; and there's not one of the same pattern on this side the Cape of Good Hope. Now, Squire, if I might trouble you for the ready."

"Here are four five-pound notes," the individual addressed as "Squire" said, handing him a packet as he spoke. "This box for twenty pounds. That was our agreement; we are quits!"

"Pardon me, Squire," Jack Pollyblank replied politely but decisively; "in these matters flimsies are of no account. Bless your heart, my worthy Sir, Sir Meggot here of the Blue Pump, wouldn't give me more than three-pound-ten for a five-pound note. Twenty pounds were our agreement, but I must have those twenty pounds in George or William sovereigns, or I cry, 'a go!'"

"Do you think I'm a thief?" the other asked angrily, snatching back the notes tendered him by Jack, and pouring from a purse some gold pieces into his hand, which he began to count.

"Far from me such a suspicion," the Captain, with much unction explained; "the only danger is, that, particularly if anything happened, people might take me for a thief. Twenty pounds. That's just it. Thank you. You're quite welcome, I'm sure!"

As he greedily clutched at the glittering yellow pieces, and crammed them into his waistcoat's maw, the other rose up, and had wrapped his cloak round him, and had gained the door, and his hand was on the handle of the lock.

"Excuse me," said Pollyblank, "if I ask you one question. Quite confidential, you know, though I daresay you won't tell me the truth. Self or friend?"

The man in the cloak moved impatiently, but muttered something concerning experiments, at which the Captain, for the third time in this chapter, again shook his head, but in a manner thrice more ominous and evil-boding.

"MYSELF, then," his companion cried out with savage brusqueness.

He had opened the door himself, had passed up the narrow entry, and had disappeared before Jack could stop him, even if he had been so minded.

CHAPTER THE SIXTH.

THE NIGHT.

HE who had so curious a taste for trinkets that he could give without murmuring twenty golden pounds for a bracelet of black beads, went out from the tavern into the Night. There was no hackney coach waiting for him now, and there was none at hand; but had he not that ample Spanish cloak round him? What, then, should he care for the rain?

Which began to pour down just now in torrents, rapidly, perpendicularly, persistently, relentlessly, as though the clerk of the weather were cognisant of the myriads of fools who are always going about the world trying to set the Thames on fire, and were benevolently determined to frustrate that aquatic arson. It rained so fast and so fiercely, that, though Gravel Lane at most times swarms with gossiping women, and beggars, and drunks, and impoverished dogs, and haters more or less mad, the wearer of the Spanish cloak had very nearly the whole street to himself. What few night wanderers were abroad covered in doorways; the dogs crept into dry places, under carts and empty barrels, and dreamed of unattainable paunch; the haters went home; and the drunks thronged all the tipping shops, rejoiced for once to have a legitimate cause for seeking shelter. As the traveller sped onward, and meeting from time to time with a hackney-coach hailed it, he was answered either surlily or derisively that he could by means lodge in one of those vehicles. He seemed to give up the pursuit of wheeled carriages under difficulties at last, and walked doggedly on.

It rained: so hard that the spirited proprietors of several small chandlers' shops put up their shutters, and betook themselves to pipes, despairing of doing any more trade that night; so hard, that the oyster man, the sprat and apple woman, the renter of the potato-can, and he who sold pies, abandoned out-door traffic in despair, and rushing, rain-streaming, into crowded bars, disposed of their merchandise at alarming sacrifices, so hard, that the panes of the gas-lamps were obscured, and the gas within could only give a moist and marshy glimmer; so hard, that the itinerant venders of umbrellas, who had gone to bed in disgust at the fineness of the day's forepart, woke up, hearing the rain scouring the window panes, and contemplated dressing, going out, and making a little fortune by the sale of gingham that night alone, till, hearing it rain even harder still, they concluded there was no place like home, and wrapping themselves—secure rogues!—in their ragged blankets, went to sleep again, and had visions of an Utopia of umbrellas, where it was always raining, and where it was equally dead for a man to be without a second-hand umbrella as to be with a new one. It rained so hard that Gervase Falcon was wet through, Spanish cloak and all, by the time he had reached the Elephant and Castle.

Of course he had strayed thither, losing his way among the congeries of roads—leading all and always to the Elephant, but apparently no where else—with which malevolent surveyors have ornamented, but decidedly failed to utilise, the boroughs of Lambeth and Southwark. And the Elephant even, to him unused to these aristocratic localities, was not much of an oasis in the watery desert. He might have wandered up roads and down roads, finding himself still close to the Elephant, till morning; but by chance there happened to be a solitary hackney coach disengaged, at the door of that renowned hostelry. He cast himself into the vehicle, and told the coachman to drive him home. Home, you understand; to that fine mansion in Grosvenor Square, where there had been the brave wedding that morning.

Was it that the gas was of inferior quality in 1830, or that indeed the lamps were affected by the prevalent moisture, or that Gervase Falcon's eyes were dimmed and weakly; for though gas was plentiful enough, and there were numerous shops still open, he seemed to be journeying through a valley of black shadows. He did not see the gaily-lit taverns, the flaring utchers, which keep open so late as to give cause for assumption that the wiser classes of this country are considerably more addicted to hot meat suppers than is generally supposed; but he could always see the red and green bottles in the chemists' shop windows, and looked inquisitively at the interminable reflections of vivid colours they cast into the mirrory depths

of the wet pavement. There were a great many chemists' shops between the Elephant and Castle and Grosvenor Square.

So many, that as he was nearing the termination of his journey, he stopped the coach in Mount Street, and alighting at a shop full of Medical Bengal light in the shape of bottles, asked the lad who was dozing behind the counter for some scented lozenges—something he wanted, he said, to take away the smell of smoking. The youthful Hippocrates, who was very sleepy and very stupid, began to rummage fitfully among the stock in the hope that something might turn up—cantharides, tincture of rhubarb, colocynth, prepared lint, or spirits of wine—which the customer might think was the right thing, and so purchase; for chemists and chemists' assistants were not nearly so careful or so attentive in supplying the right drugs in 1830 as in 1857. Accidents did really sometimes happen then, from gross negligence, which they never do now—oh dear, no! under any circumstances.

As the customer, however, wanted lozenges, and would have nought but lozenges, the sleepy lad was fain to summon his master, who—a little, round, punchy man, with a bald head like a Dutch cheese—came out of his comfortable back parlour, very warm and shining, and with a balmy odour of pork-chops about him, as if he had been disturbed from his supper. "Lozenges to take away the smell of smoking, did the gentleman want? Surely, surely. Here were some now (taking them triumphantly from a jar labelled 'Tamarinds') that would take away the smell of anything from tobacco to turpentine, but was extra good for smoking. Would the gentleman take an ounce of those lozenges, the celebrated Tee-loo-goo lozenges, recommended by the Faculty?"

Yes, the gentleman would take them. They were tied up, he paid for them, and re-entered the coach, sucking one of the lozenges as he rode—to judge, doubtless, of their efficacy in taking away the smell of tobacco smoke; he who had never touched a pipe or a cigar in his life. Was he about to commence that hateful habit of tobacco-smoking now?

He dismissed the hackney coach at the corner of Grosvenor Square, and walked towards his own house through the rain. He paid the coachman his fare, so prodigious a one—even for a hackney-coach fare—that the Jarvey who had driven him quite lost his self-possession, and was almost inclined to quarrel with him for not giving him cause to grumble. He compromised the matter, however, by swearing at his horses, and with tongue and whip led those forlorn animals a terrible life till he obtained another fare in North Audley Street, who was a stingy fare, and not paying him more than thrice his due, afforded Jarvey an opportunity of abusing him till he had smoothed his ruffled spirits.

It was strange that a wayfarer out so late, and in so fearful a night, should, when close to a luxurious home, seem reluctant to enter it; yet Gervase Falcon walked three times round Grosvenor Square before he stopped even, at the door of his own fine house. Once he leaned against the railings as if faint; once he turned as though he would retrace his footsteps away from the square altogether; once he stopped beneath a gas-lamp, and drew out that morocco case that held the bracelet like a serpent, sheltering it as well as he could from the rain with his cloak. But a great plash of moisture came, and blurred the dainty white satin lining of the case, and he hastily shut it, and walked on.

The neighbouring church clock struck out twelve wearily and timidly, as though it too were wet through and dispirited. Gervase Falcon waited till the last peal of the bell had died away with a moist echo, like the sigh of an expiring wave, and then he went up his white and black marble chequered steps, opened his door with a latch-key, and so into the hall of his grand house.

Where all was still as Death. He, being a great, good, and rich man, kept a hall-porter, of course—a fat hall-porter—a very Great Ton of Heidelberg in livery; but being also a merciful man, he was merciful also to that obese amalgam of three humkies rolled into one, and suffered him to sleep in his comfortable bed, instead of keeping night watch in that huge, black, alcove of a hall-chair, which, all leather and gilt nails—a very bower of Beef and British respectability—snoozed by itself in a remote corner of the great hall, where it loomed among the shadows imposingly. His own bed-candle awaited him on a slab. He took it, and went up-stairs, creeping carefully as though he feared to wake the mice, or to trouble the innocent dreams of the black-beetles in the coal-cellar. The most devoted husband, coming home from his club, could not have been more considerate. But Gervase Falcon had always been distinguished as a respectable man.

There did not, on the face of the facts, appear to be much necessity for all this caution on the part of the Master of the house. It had but just chimed midnight, which was by no means a late or dissipated hour for so grand and so fashionable a dwelling. Aitchbone, the hall-porter, had been released from the night watch, it is true, but that corpulent *Suisse* had by no means gone to bed yet, but was indulging in placid intercommunication with John-Peter and his comrades, in the Servants' Hall below. But then Mr. Falcon had always been so considerate a gentleman, so kind a master. He did not like to disturb his servants unnecessarily, even at that comparatively early hour.

For so devoted a husband and so respectable a man, however, it was passing strange that he should not at once have repaired to the sleeping apartment of his own lawful wife. His lawful wife, certainly! But it was not to Caroline Falcon's bedchamber that Gervase Falcon betook himself, but to that impromptu sick-room whither the wretched woman who had fallen down dead drunk in the hall had been removed. And as he stole softly up, like a thief in the night—and, indeed, he was intent on robbery, for he who takes away ought is a robber—he kept whispering to himself, whispering over and over again—

"To unswear the tail end of the clasp, and take the fourth bead on the string, and warm it at the candle—warm it at the candle. Yes, that was what he told me—that was what he told me."

Softly, oh! so softly he went into the room where the sick person had been. Lint, nurse, by the side of the bed, the curtains of which were closely drawn. Lint, nurse, fast in a stolid, stony sleep. He felt immensely relieved when he found Lint, nurse, so fast asleep—so close to the table where the physic bottles and empty cups and glasses were.

He had had the morocco case out before this, and had drawn off some beads, and held one between his finger and thumb. He cast a covetous eye towards the candle in its night-shade, as though he would have liked to warm something in its light; but Lint, nurse, might wake, so he refrained, just then; for he must be cautious. He kept repeating to himself that he must be very cautious.

Cautious! the devils must have laughed to hear him! With all his caution he had been patiently accumulating a body of evidence against himself, from the moment he had called the hackney-coach that evening—enough to hang him as high as Haman.

He had slipped the shining black bead, that was the fourth from the tail-end of the clasp, into his waistcoat-pocket. The morocco case lay on the table. There was a curious clasp to that curious bracelet—the head and tail of a serpent; and when the clasp was closed the tail was in the serpent's mouth—a curious emblem, and a very fit one.

He thought it fit and curious, as glancing again at Lint, nurse, and satisfying himself that she was still fast asleep, he, with a hand that had been unaccountably shaking all that day, and was shaking more than ever now—he, with a face ghastlier, and eyes more terrible than at any time before, drew aside the curtains of the bed to look upon the sick woman.

As Judith to look on Holofernes, as Jael on Sisera, as Brinvilliers on her husband, as Theodore Broughton, as Castragnes on their victims.

Murder before Heaven! Murder most foul and most unnatural! Wilful, barbarous, horrid murder!

Not yet.

Stolen out while Lint, nurse, slept. Spirited away—forced away, inveigled away—it mattered not. *The bed was empty*—the wretched woman was GONE; the Skeleton-Secret was abroad again, stalking forth like the pestilence on noonday.

In a paroxysm of rage and terror, he fell now to shaking the heavy sleeping nurse, now to tugging at the bed-room bell; but for all he shook, and almost buffeted the insensible Lint, she neither opened eye nor spoke word.

Down stairs they were more wakeful. John-Peter came up frightened,

imagining that the mad woman had arisen from her bed, and was singing a fantasia on the bell, specially to call him, John-Peter, to attend to him; or that she had fallen on Mrs. Lint, and had rent her dress, and was the more amazed to find the bed empty, and his master standing on the carpet ghastly and furious.

"Where is she?"

The domestic could no more answer than he could have conjured a Greek verb. All he could say was that Mr. Tinotop had visited her some nine o'clock—that the porter being at supper in the Servants' Hall, John-Peter, had let the Surgeon's assistant out, and had been told by the patient was getting on nicely. And this was all he knew, or could say.

John-Peter omitted to mention—perhaps he forgot it—that Mr. Tinotop—(haffable gent that, no pride about 'im, has there about some thirty doctors)—had at the time he let him out presented him with a bottle of crown wherewith to drink his "eth," and that he, John-Peter, who had had enough mixed liquors on that exciting day to float a four-oared scull, had just slipped round to the adjacent house of refreshment, the "Rat and Red Legs"—an establishment much frequented by the gentlemen of the cloth—to partake of a "cooler" after his potations. He had discreetly put the door ajar, and returning (after some ten minutes' enjoyment of the "cooler"), found the rain beginning to descend. These particulars, however, could not have interested his master—how should they?—so John-Peter said nothing about them.

Where was Mrs. Falcon?

She had ordered the carriage shortly after Mr. Falcon had left, and had been driven to Lord Baddington's, in Lower Grosvenor Street. There a man was to fetch them, with 'Enry as footman, at twelve. He was gone now.

He might go.

Then, John-Peter being gone, Gervase Falcon took the candle from the night-shade and held it before the face of the sleeping nurse. He shook her again roughly by the shoulder, and bawled into her ear, but unavailing. She snored heavily on.

He sat down in a chair, with his head between his hands, and tried to think, and to form a plan of action. The nurse had been drugged; it was easy to see that. Should he wait till she awoke? but what could she tell him? That villain Fleem had stolen the woman away. No; it was Tinotop. Stay, it was his wife. Should he kill her—Tinotop—Fleem? Kill her all? His wife was at his uncle Baddington's. They were in full converse about him. She—the woman—was there denouncing him. As this thought came across him he shivered in every limb, and the hairs of his flesh stood up.

Who could he buy up?—Fleem, Tinotop? He was a rich man, even in thousands. But he could not bribe them all. He could not bribe her, it was too late.

He would fly. But whither? He would deny it all. To what avail? It was too late, too late, for all save one thing.

Should he wait? For what? No; it were better so, better so, even better so. God forgive him! He listened for a moment at the door, to be certain there was no one coming upstairs. He held the candle again to the nurse's face, to see if she still slept, and still she did sleep—he did not try to awake her now, for it were better so. God forgive him!

The fourth bead from the tail-end of the clasp must be warmed at the candle. Sleep on, Nurse Lint, for the trembling fingers hold the lead, and warm it, warm it—till strangely, his seeming glass bead grows soft and elastic. Sleep on, Nurse Lint; Gervase Falcon has drawn the curtains, and is on his knees by the bed-side. He has slipped all the beads save ONE on to the string of the bracelet, and has shut the clasp again, and laid the triplet, coiled up in its case, on the table.

He raised himself on his knees, and thrusting the globule he had warmed into his mouth, crunched it between his teeth, and swallowed it. Turn forward on his face Dead.

Watchman, what of the night? The night was come, and was past for Gervase Falcon. The DAWN was come, but for him it paled the horizon of Eternity. Now stir up all the House, and take this man, and bury him in a crimson velvet box, for he is a Lord's nephew.

(To be continued.)

ELECTION RIOT AT KIDDERMINSTER.—Shortly before four o'clock, and before the poll was finally closed, although no elector had voted in the last half hour, an attack was made upon Mr. Lowe and his friends by the mob, which consisted of between 3,000 and 4,000 persons, who, with hootings and imprecations, threw stones and bricks into the booth, evidently directed against Mr. Lowe and Mr. Pardoe, his proposer. The Mayor, Mr. Boycott, and other gentlemen made repeated efforts to calm the mob, but ineffectually, and the disturbance increasing, the Mayor was requested by several magistrates to read the Riot Act, which, however, he, perhaps wisely, refrained from doing, as it would probably only have further exasperated the crowd, which it would have been impossible to disperse, the only force at the command of the Mayor being the local police, and some seventy or eighty special constables sworn in on the previous day. The attack, however, became still more serious. Several persons received severe cuts and wounds from the missiles; and it being evident that in a few minutes the mob would burst into the booth, a general rush was made out of it into the crowd. Mr. Lowe and the Mayor were conducted towards the town (the booth being situated in the outskirts). The mob followed hooting and yelling, and continued their attack, throwing stones and bricks as before, until Mr. Lowe's friends carried him into a house in Bewdley Street, which was immediately surrounded by the mob and smashed from top to bottom. Mr. Lowe was so seriously injured and weakened from loss of blood, that it was found necessary to secure the services of a surgeon, forthwith. The surgeon discovered that Mr. Lowe had sustained a fracture of the right parietal bone of the skull, in addition to a lacerated scalp wound and two severe contusions on the side of the head.

MR. HAYTER AND MR. WILLIAMS.—Mr. Williams contributed an anecdote to enliven the election proceedings at Lambeth. He said—"When I first went into Parliament, the Whipper-in, a gentleman who had the dispensation of 20,000 places, and who was always scattering them over the House in order to get votes, came up to me and said, 'What a misfortune it is you are always so cross with us! we don't care about the Tory party denouncing us, but it is most unpleasant to see you, a Liberal, and a supporter of Government in a great number of instances, finding fault with and exposing us in all sorts of ways. You don't want a place or money, but I should like very much to make friends with you. What would be agreeable to you? Would you like honours—a title? My answer was—I see perfectly well what you want; you want me to support the Government. Now, I'll tell you how you may secure my support. Bring forward nothing but measures beneficial to the country, and you will always find me backing you up. No other temptation you can offer me will buy me, or prevent me from discharging the duty which I owe to my constituents and to the country at large.'"—The "Press" wickedly insinuates that the title offered by Mr. Hayter was Count Out.

CRUELTY ON SHIPBOARD.—Henry Catling, John Lewis, and John Caswell (not in custody) were indicted at Liverpool, for the manslaughter of a man named George. According to the evidence, the deceased shipped at New York on the 21st of December last as an ordinary seaman, on board the Guy Manning, of which John Caswell was second mate, Henry Catling third mate, and John Lewis boatswain. The Guy Manning was an American vessel, and bound for Liverpool, and within a day or two after the vessel had sailed the two prisoners and the second mate commenced a system of continued assaults upon the unfortunate deceased. Sometimes the poor lad was beaten over the head and body with ropes and belaying pins, at other times he was kicked upon the head and face, and dragged out of his berth, and upon one occasion his legs and feet had become so swollen that it became necessary to cut off his boots. This state of things lasted until the arrival of the vessel in Liverpool, when the deceased was so helpless and ill that he could hardly see or walk, and two days after his arrival he was taken to the hospital, where he died three hours after he shipped. He was a healthy young man, about 18 years old, at the time he shipped. It appeared that Caswell, the second mate, had been mainly instrumental in promoting the death of the deceased, the other two, particularly Lewis, the boatswain, having acted under express directions. Mr. Baron Martin therefore directed Lewis's acquittal. Evidence of the condition of the deceased when taken to the hospital was then adduced: his head and face were greatly swollen, the parts about the nose livid and in a state of mortification, various contusions on the scalp, and the brain much congested. The whole body was a mass of bruises. The prisoner Catling was found guilty. The judge in passing sentence said that he had some doubt—the crime having been perpetrated on the high seas, in an American ship, and by an American, upon a person not a British subject—whether the prisoner could be tried in an English Court. However, he, the learned judge, would take the opinion of the Court upon the question, and meanwhile sentenced the prisoner to four months' imprisonment. The fact that he was in some measure under orders, and had been some time in prison accounts for the lightness of his sentence.

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